HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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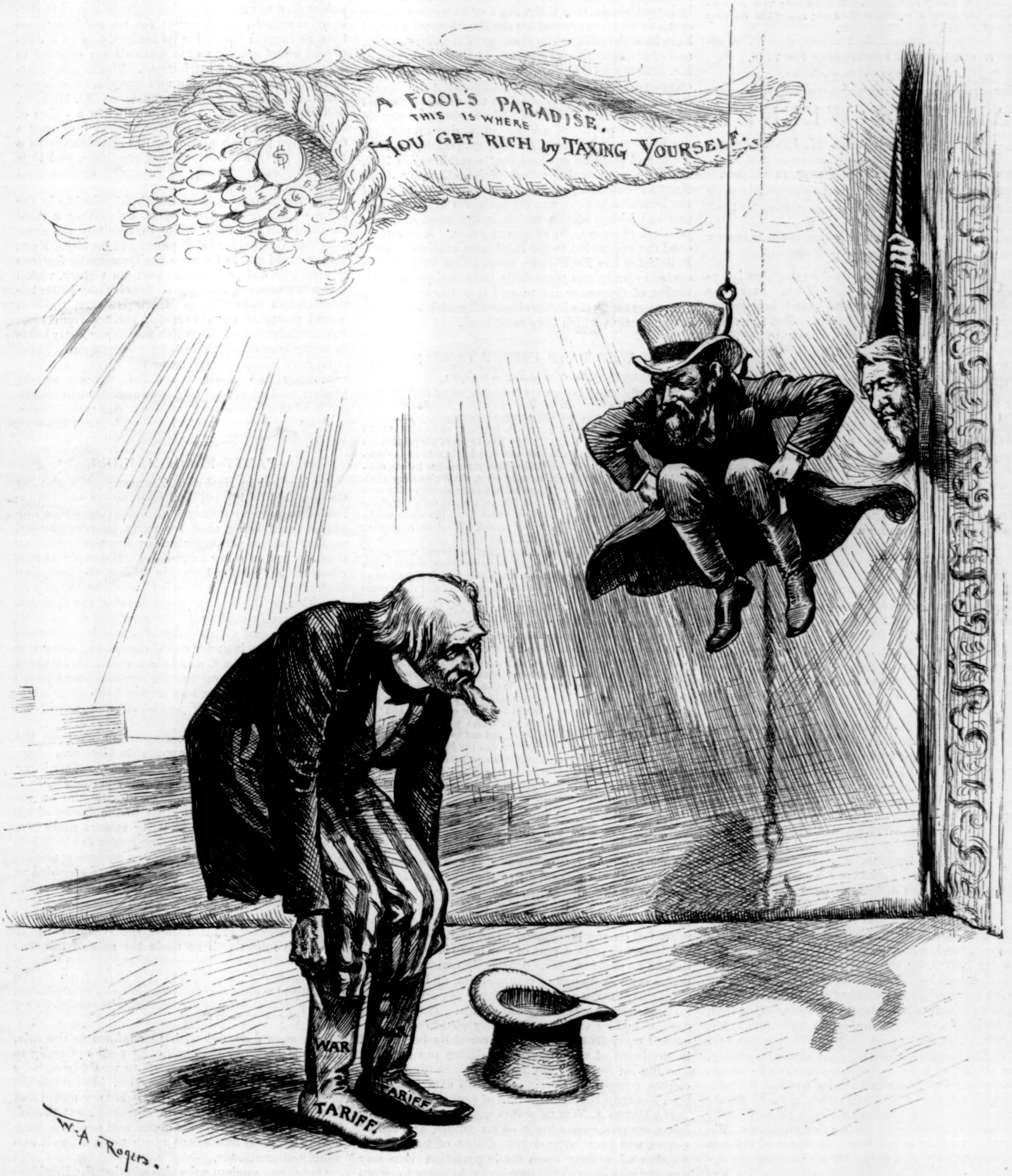
A FOOL'S PARADISE.
THIS IS WHERE
YOU GET RICH by TAXING YOURSELF.
WAR
TARIFF.
TARIFF.
W. A. Rogers.

THE EFFECT OF "NEGATIVE GRAVITY."

"I DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S DONE, BENJAMIN, BUT IT'S AGIN REASON."

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE
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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.
Vol. X. will begin with the issue
of
November 6, 1888.

The number for October 23d presents a rich and varied table of contents, both in the text and the illustrations. The principal illustration is

A JUMPING-JACK,
From the Painting by J. G. Brown, N.A.

Among others, Mr. P. Newell *has an amusing front-page drawing, entitled "Little Miss Priggins, Dolly Dimple, and the Nurse."* Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin *narrates "How the Privateer 'Jack's Favorite' Won the Fight," and* Charles F. Adams *tells about "Great Scrap-Book Makers."* Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie *has a short story, and* Miss Dora Read Goodale *and* Clinton Scollard *poems.*

A SUPPLEMENT

contains three articles especially intended for the parents, teachers, and old readers generally. They are "French and German for Jennie and for John," by Margaret E. Sangster; *"On Reforming a Boy," by* Alice Wellington Rollins; *and "The Working Methods of Authors," by* F. H. Stauffer.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, October 27, 1888.

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NEW YORK.

THE most interesting point in the campaign is undoubtedly the State of New York. It is the President's State, and its electoral vote is indispensable to his election for a second term. But there is a significant division within his own party in the State at large, and another in the city which is the citadel of the party power. Governor Hill has long been the representative of the Democratic opposition to the President, and he has been renominated by acclamation. But his renomination was the signal for an immediate organized Democratic opposition, which is intelligent, resolute, full of energy and resources, of ample means and enthusiasm, and which is making a thorough canvass of the State, disseminating information, argument, and appeal in every quarter. Meanwhile, in the city of New York, Mayor Hewitt has been renominated by a powerful body of citizens upon a non-partisan platform, and also by the County Democracy, while Tammany Hall, the other Democratic faction, has nominated against him a candidate who would be strictly subservient to its commands, and the Republican machine, which is a body of mere political traders, has nominated a reputable ticket which will be the basis of a trade of the machine with both of the Democratic factions. If now it be remembered that President Cleveland was elected in 1884 by a plurality of 1300 in New York, the obscurity of the situation is evident.

The interest lies in the character of the double Democratic division. The movement against Governor Hill is the effort of Democrats to rescue their party from identification with the worst elements, tendencies, and purposes in politics, and to make it the representative of honest and progressive government. They are tired of seeing their party name the synonym of ignorance and hostility to reform and progress of every kind, and they see that the election of a man of the political character of Governor Hill to the chief magistracy of New York would be a heavy blow to the Democratic party, as showing, so far as it is illustrated by its New York line, that the party still merits the distrust of good citizens. The Governor's success would be disheartening to the best sentiment of the party, and to avert so serious a calamity the movement has been organized. It is a courageous and manly effort, and its sincerity and force are proved by the fact that it involves some risk to the Presidential candidate. In the city Mayor Hewitt has truthfully described the Tammany nomination as simply a movement for spoils. It is that, and nothing else. By universal agreement Mr. Hewitt is one of the best Mayors the city has ever had, and he represents now not only absolute honesty, great ability, experience, independence, and courage in the conduct of municipal affairs, but also the principle that municipal administration is in its nature non-partisan. The issue was never more directly raised, nor under more promising circumstances. The Republican action is another illustration of the present tendencies of that party, for it abandons the certainty of securing non-partisan, incorruptible, and efficient municipal administration upon the alleged chance of securing a partisan control of the city, while really it puts up a ticket as the basis of deals and bargains. The Republican action, of course, opens a chance for the defeat of Mayor Hewitt and the success of Tammany. But in any event it will be remembered as a signal illustration of Republican hostility to one of the most desirable of reforms—non-partisan city government.

Amidst this confusion in the State and city, Republicans divided upon the Mayoralty—for a large number will undoubtedly support Mr. Hewitt—Democrats in the city divided in the same way between Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Grant, and Democrats in the State supporting Mr. Cleveland and the Republican candidate for Governor, independents taking the same course, and voting in the city for Mr. Hewitt—in the midst of all this confusion Mr. Cleveland is sustained by Democrats and by a great body of independents and Republicans as in full sympathy with the effort for better politics, which explains the singular complication in New York. The public confidence which he has inspired is illustrated by the fact, which is generally admitted, that if he had not raised the tariff issue he would have been unquestionably re-elected, and the political situation is disclosed by the other fact, which seems to us equally incontestable, that if Mr. Hill or any other Democrat had been nominated for the Presidency he would have been defeated. The election of Mr. Cleveland, and of Mr. Miller as Governor of New York, and of Mr. Hewitt as Mayor of the city, would show an encouraging strength in the independent sentiment, and in the event of their defeat the endeavor would be fruitful of future results. The Springfield *Republican* lately published a letter containing an admirable review of the independent movement in New York, and pointing out that the "scratching" in 1879, although apparently balked of its effect by John Kelly's candidacy and the consequent division of the Democratic vote, was yet the germ of the general political independence which is the most cheering political phenomenon of recent years. It strengthened the opposition to the third-term scheme of 1880. It defeated the Republican nomination of 1884. It opposes openly and powerfully the unanimous nomination of Governor Hill; and it is teaching party managers that "the better element," which they hate, is the element which they must heed.

WHO PAYS IMPORT TAXES?

A correspondent in Indiana writes:

> "Protectionists of Indiana are defiantly quoting the 'Edmunds argument' as an unanswerable defence of the doctrine that 'the foreign producer, and not the American consumer, pays the duties on imports.' Now on page 428, February number, Harper's Monthly, the learned Senator, purporting to prove his proposition—that taking the tariff off does not cheapen goods to the consumer—by price lists of teas and coffees six months before, compared with the situation six months after, the duties were abolished in 1872, virtually by those same figures destroys his own theory, for an examination of this famous tea and coffee schedule will show that of the four kinds of coffee listed Rio alone marks an average advance of 1¼ cents per pound, while Java, Singapore, Jamaica, and Manila drop from 21 cents before to an average of 17 cents after the tariff was removed, and a general average of all coffee prices in each list will show by comparison that coffee dropped in price just about three cents per pound, according to Edmunds's own figures, in six months after the duty of three cents per pound was abolished.
>
> "And further, of the nine classes of teas tabulated by him every grade in the list marks a decline in price, after being on the free list for six months, of from three cents to fifteen cents, or a general average of eight cents per pound cheaper to the American consumer on removal of a ten cents per pound tariff. Hence what better refutation of the Senator's statement need be given than is furnished by his own statistics? Yet in direct contradiction of his figures, and in the next sentence following thereto, the Senator says, 'The price of tea rose, as did the price of coffee,' and 'the abolition of the duties upon tea and coffee was substantially a benefit to the producer and exporter, and not to ourselves.'
>
> "Now by what process of reasoning can the Edmunds tea tables be made to prove that the price of tea or that the average price of coffee 'rose' on 'the abolition of the duties'? or wherein do they show that the tariff abolition was not a 'substantial benefit to ourselves'—the consumers?"

Senator Edmunds's theory is not accepted by Mr. McKinley, one of the highest protectionists, who holds that the American consumer ultimately pays the duty on all commodities not produced in this country. A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, in alluding to this difference, asks whether, when such doctors disagree, it is not wise to fall back on common-sense, which shows that import taxes as a rule must fall on the consumer. But the assertion that the foreigner pays a part of our taxes is familiar, although its error has been constantly exposed. Commerce is an exchange of commodities, and if the foreigner pays taxes on his exports, we pay on ours, and no advantage is gained by either side. If there were any method by which one country could compel another to pay its taxes, it would certainly be adopted to the point of reciprocally equalizing the burdens. The tax on imports may restrict importation, but it cannot compel the foreigner to sell at a loss, or to take less than the average rate of profit.

Mr. David A. Wells points out that if a country has a complete monopoly of an article, as Peru of guano, and in a large degree China of tea, the imposition of a duty upon its importation into any country may compel the monopoly, in order to retain a market, to reduce the price proportionately. But the price to the consumer is not reduced, and the instances of such absolute monopoly are so few that they do not necessarily affect the argument. Our last year's exports to Germany, which is a highly protected country, amounted in value to more than $57,000,000. Did we reduce the burden of taxation in Germany by the amount of the duty? The question really involves an absurdity. We pay for our imports, directly or indirectly, by our exports, and consequently the amount of our taxes paid by the foreigner would be set off by the amount of his taxes paid by us.

MAYOR HEWITT'S CAMPAIGN.

Mayor Hewitt's solid sense, plain speech, and dauntless courage are as refreshing as ever in his letter of acceptance. He is not in the least diverted from the real issue of the municipal campaign by the exhortations to withdraw in order to unite the Democratic party. But to test the sincerity of Tammany he offers to withdraw in favor of a candidate to be named by the citizens and adopted by both Democratic factions.

As a Democrat Mr. Hewitt denies that Tammany Hall represents the party. The Mayor holds it up to public view as an irresponsible organization of chronic office-seekers, which exists for no other purpose than to furnish spoils for its leaders, and as a dangerous secret society whose methods are opposed to democratic ideas and institutions. This is notoriously true. Yet with so able and upright, so independent and satisfactory a candidate as Mr. Hewitt, nominated against Tammany, and when a union of all good citizens would be sure to elect him upon a simple non-partisan platform, the Republicans as a political party nominate a third candidate, and thus make themselves the ally of Tammany against good municipal government.

The Republicans accuse the Prohibitionists in the State of aiding Governor Hill by putting a third candidate in the field, while in precisely the same way they themselves aid Tammany in the city. Even if they could slip in between the Democratic factions it would be only a transient partisan victory, which it is not pretended would give the city any better administration than that of Mayor Hewitt, while it would postpone the divorce of politics from local business administration, which the Mayor justly holds to be the true conception of city government. There is no good reason whatever, as the Mayor says, why everybody who wishes to see that divorce accomplished, and an honest city administration in the interest of the people and free from ring rule, should not vote for Mayor Hewitt.

PARTY BLACK-MAILING.

An inquirer in Nashville, Tennessee, asks whether the law prohibiting political assessments was not intended to prevent money contributed by public employés from being used for party purposes, and, if so, how that is accomplished by merely forbidding them to pay to other employés? The reply is that whatever may have been the wishes of those who drafted the law, it was thought expedient to limit its operation to the service itself, because the demands were generally made with the approval of the head of the office, and virtually by him, and in such cases the subordinate is under moral duress and not a free agent. The law as it stands is a condition attached to public employment, like the constitutional prohibition of the receipt by any person holding an office of honor or trust of any present or emolument from foreign governments.

Undoubtedly, as our correspondent suggests, the whole spirit of the law is opposed to any form of political assessment. A public employé or officer is not free so long as patronage is a party perquisite, as it is now, and a party committee solicits him on the ground that he owes his place to the favor of his party. Under our present party system there is a moral constraint upon the office-holder to contribute money even without solicitation—a constraint arising from the knowledge that those who are recorded as giving will enjoy the favor of the party managers. The law, therefore, should forbid appointed office-holders from contributing money for any political purposes whatever. A rule of the Washington police force might well be made the rule of the civil service:

> "No member of the police force shall be permitted to solicit or be allowed to make any contribution in money or other things, on any pretext, to any person, committee, or association, for any political purpose whatever."

If a man does not wish to conform to the rule, which is perfectly reasonable, he need not apply to be appointed upon the force. This would be equally true of the national or State service. But while the present law is not so searching, it is very useful and far from being absurd, as our correspondent thinks; it has largely corrected the abuse, and made the business of political assessment much more difficult and wholly discreditable.

Our correspondent asks also whether the President is not amenable under the law if he has contributed money for political purposes. The plain intent of the law is to protect office-holders from the moral duress arising from the conviction that the retention of their office depends upon paying. The law, however, does not prohibit, nor is it intended to prohibit, voluntary giving. There is no question that if the President has contributed, he has done so voluntarily, and without direct or indirect coercion of any kind, and the law does not prohibit such contributions. The objections to them, however, are many and conclusive, however legal they may be, and technically if there be an officer of the government upon the committee to which the President sends a contribution, there may be a question whether he is not liable under the section of the law which provides that no person in the service of the United States shall directly or indirectly give to another such person any money to be applied to the promotion of any political object whatever. The law, however, as our correspondent will perceive, is aimed at compulsory giving. It is designed to protect the employés. One of them writes to ask how they can feel protected when their superior officers and the Chief Executive set them the example of giving. That must depend, of course, upon their confidence in the good faith of their superiors. But their natural sense of doubt and insecurity is one of the reasons against such contributions by superior officers. The employé, however, who asks us the question with a sneer at Democratic reform would be just as insecure under a Republican administration. The Republican authorities were never backward in demanding money of the public employés whom they could morally coerce, and they are engaged in the same business now. All good citizens in every party desire the correction of this wretched abuse, and happily it has been largely corrected. But nothing will be gained by holding either one of the great parties peculiarly guilty. It is the shame of both.

EX-MAYOR LOW'S ADDRESS.

We know of no address delivered in the course of the present campaign which presents a more moderate, convincing, and lucid argument on the chief question at issue between the two parties than that made by Mr. Seth Low before the Reform Club of this city. Mr. Low is by no means a radical free-trader. He deals with the question of tariff reduction in the spirit of a man who can discern a great deal of good in the operation of the protective principle. But he cannot help seeing that the question now submitted to the voters of the United States resolves itself into this: "Is protection to lead to constantly increasing or constantly lessening duties?" We are at the dividing of the ways. No amount of extravagance in appropriations which the people would tolerate could make the surplus revenue other than excessive; and even a complete surrender of internal revenue taxes would merely postpone, not solve, the problem of how to bring the receipts of the treasury down to the necessities of the government. Whether, therefore, the national Republican platform or the bill reported by the Republican majority of the Senate Committee on Finance be the party remedy for the condition that confronts us, Mr. Low's way of putting the case contains the marrow of the whole controversy.

His illustrations of the weakness of the position of the uncompromising protectionists are as felicitous as they are unanswerable. Conceding that some protection is still necessary, he holds that in the interest of the very industries whose development is most desired there should be less protection than the present tariff gives, and that the aim of legislation should be to make our manufactures less dependent than now upon protection. He touches a point which has not been sufficiently emphasized in the statement that the general effect of our protective system is to capitalize everything in the country upon an inflated basis, and he formulates a principle which ought to be accepted as an axiom when he says, "To my mind it is as certain as gravity that the manufacturing interests of a great country like this must certainly tend toward a natural basis and away from an artificial basis." His analogy between a protective tariff and the tow-horse needed to drag the street-car uphill, but superfluous on the level, will appeal to the ordinary intelligence as strongly as his citation from the speeches of Clay and Webster will impress thoughtful observers of the present contest. His tribute to the courage and insight of the President's message derives additional force from the public record of the resolute reformer and high-principled Republican by whom it is paid.

LIES TO CATCH VOTES.

The effort to gain a party advantage in an election by constant and persistent lying was never more flagrant than it has been during this campaign in the repetition and dissemination of forged quotations from the English press. Statements attributed to English papers, which they have disclaimed, and whose falsity has been fully demonstrated, are incessantly repeated in Republican documents and speeches and newspapers. They are scattered broadcast in circulars and leaflets as if they had not been thoroughly exposed.

The forged quotations are not arguments. They are merely expressions of ill-will or false assertions in regard to the questions pending in our election. Their purpose is evident. It is to inflame Irish antipathy to England and win Irish votes, to stigmatize the policy of tariff reform as British free-trade, and to appeal to American jealousy of England. The entire enterprise is an effort to carry an American election by exciting hatred of England, and to accomplish this noble purpose the quotations are forged.

This proceeding upon the part of those who are deeply shocked by Democratic depravity in general is exceedingly amusing, but it is the work of those who emulate the depravity they denounce. "The Republican party," said an old Republican recently, "seems to have changed places with the Democratic party in trying to catch the lowest and most ignorant vote in the country." Its horror at the forgery of Democratic franks to circulate documents would be impressive if at the same moment the forgery of Republican franks for the same purpose were not disclosed. Its stern condemnation of Democratic political assessments would be justified if it were not caught, while its mouth is still open, in the act of assessing Republican office-holders. Its claim of superior decency might be entertained if while it is posing it were not detected in forging extracts pretended to have been taken from English papers. The gross misrepresentation of the President's message as a free-trade manifesto, with which it began the campaign, it has followed by a series of similar performances, which have not been matched upon the Democratic side. The fair play of the campaign has been with the Democrats and not with the Republicans.

INDEPENDENTS IN ALBANY.

Chancellor Henry R. Pierson, of Albany, one of the original Republicans, and a constant Republican until now, announces that he is in favor of the election of Cleveland and Thurman. In a letter to a large and enthusiastic independent meeting in Albany, of which Matthew Hale was chairman, and which John E. Russell eloquently addressed, Chancellor Pierson says that the simple question that divides the parties is one of taxation:

> "The Democratic policy expressed at its National Convention is founded upon the President's message to Congress in December last, and that is: 'That Federal taxation should be strictly limited to the needs of the government, with such incidental protection for the preservation of manufacturers and laborers employed in manufactures as can be consistently made.' As the needs of the government are and are likely to be large, all necessary protection will be given. The policy of the Republican party, as expressed in its platform adopted in June last, is one for protection, pure and simple, with an effort to reduce the ruinous surplus in the Treasury mainly by removing the tax from spirits and tobacco. I believe this to be a fair statement of the present attitude of the two parties—a simple question of low or high taxes—and as I regard taxation only as a burden to be borne to meet an economical government, I want taxes to be as low as possible, and to be levied, as far as may be, on luxuries, not on necessaries of life."

Mr. Pierson says, with dignity and manly independence:

> "I am sorry if my acts are to be made the subject of personal criticisms as being disloyal to a party from which I have had preferment, but I must be loyal to my convictions, and if possible preserve my own self-respect by acting in accordance with my judgment in a matter personal to every American freeman. We are a people of producers. What we most want is a market for the exchange of products. That being assured, we can compete with any country for trade and commerce, for national health and wealth, and for comfort and prosperity to all classes of people; but without that assured market the rich would grow richer and the poor poorer."

It is because the Republican party was composed of men of conviction and courage, who comprehended with Mr. Pierson that "political parties or organizations are only means to promote political principles," that the story of that party in its great day is, in Dr. Storrs's happy phrase, so "majestic." And it is because they are the same men, loyal to the same convictions, but not accepting the later dogmas of the party, that, like Mr. Pierson, and Secretary McCulloch, and Judge Dickson, and Seth Low, and an "innumerable company" more, they now support Mr. Cleveland.

THE SPEECH OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

It is impossible to read the late frank and manly speech of Mr. Fairchild, the Secretary of the Treasury, without entire confidence in his ability, honesty, and public spirit. It was a clear and careful statement of his management of the public finances in their immediate connection with the great interests of business, and it is done so simply that every reader can understand it. The Secretary answers fully and conclusively the charges and insinuations of his Republican opponents about "favoritism" and "nursing the surplus," and shows to the satisfaction of candid minds that the management of the Treasury is one of the chief reasons of continued trust in the Administration.

The character and statements of the speech must not be inferred from the comments of Mr. Blaine and other orators. The Secretary is too important a personage not to be answered, but his statements are too troublesome for his critics to be treated by them fairly. There is no rhetoric of any kind in the speech. Its object is to tell the truth, the orator knowing that the truth is his surest defence. There has been probably no speech during the campaign of greater service to the Administration or more certain to "make votes" for the President.

OUR INDIAN SCOUTS.

Mr. Edwardy's article on "Border Troubles" in the Weekly of August 18th, has brought us interesting communications from Lieutenant W. E. Shipp, Tenth Cavalry, and Mr. Herbert Welsh, controverting his view that the shooting of Captain Crawford was an accident, and his statements that the Apache scouts were always treacherous, that three of them attacked and tried to kill a miner named Woodward, and that stock captured by them from hostiles was "in no instance returned to the rightful owners."

Lieutenant Shipp, who was present when Crawford was shot, declares him to have been the victim of "a treacherous attack" by the Mexicans, unwarranted, and wholly without excuse. He says that Mr. Edwardy's supposition that "Geronimo's band joined in the battle and helped the scouts to drive off the Mexicans" is "without foundation. I was for months," he writes, "with the few white men present on the occasion, and not a hint of such a thing was heard by me." Indian scouts, mostly friendly Chiricahuas, under white officers, he adds, achieved the surrender of "more than one-third of the hostile bands," including Chihuahua's dangerous band, before Lawton's campaign, and also the capture of most of the squaws and children of the remaining hostiles, this capture being a great step toward peace. The Mexican stories of misdeeds of the Apache scouts in their country were told, he says, "to balance the account for the murder of Crawford." As to the Woodward affair, "the story I heard from Mr. Woodward's own lips was that *he* had fired on three White Mountain scouts, two of whom were helping along one too drunk to travel alone, mistaking them for hostiles," killing one and severely wounding another. "Had he been attacked by three Apaches, he would have had no story to tell."

Mr. Welsh cites the report of Lieutenant Maus to show that the killing of Crawford was deliberate, and with knowledge that he was an American officer, and also the report of General Crook, which says: "The Chiricahua scouts were of more value in hunting down the renegades than all other troops combined. Every successful encounter with the hostiles was due exclusively to the exertions of Indian scouts, and it is the unanimous testimony of officers commanding scout companies that the Chiricahuas were the most subordinate, energetic, untiring, and by odds the most efficient of their commands." Mr. Welsh also gives an instance in which stock captured by scouts was returned to the owners. The crowning success of Lawton certainly need not dim the prior achievements of Crawford.

PROFESSION AND PERFORMANCE.

One of the most shameful illustrations of the abuse of political assessments is that which was recently exposed by the New York *World*. It is a Republican scheme of black-mailing public employés worthy of Hubbell himself. According to this unchallenged report, the Republican National Committee has sent an agent, Major George M. Lockwood, to Washington to extort money from the Republican clerks who are still retained in the departments. The victims are recorded in the receipts by numbers, not by names, with the understanding that if Harrison should be elected the clerks can apply to Major Lockwood to substitute their names for their numbers, so that the receipt will serve as a certificate of zeal and as a plea for the retention of the clerk.

This scheme is an indirect proof that so large a number of Republican clerks have been retained under a Democratic administration that it is worth while to organize a special system of Republican assessment. The scheme thus confesses that there has been decided reform in the departments. But as the performance of the National Committee of the party, which puts forth an admirable platform declaration upon the subject, and assumes to be especially the party of reform, it is an illustration of the sheerest duplicity, and of the contemptible hypocrisy with which it charges the President.

If Dorsey, the guiding genius of the Republican National Committee of 1880, was a reformer, so is the Republican National Committee of 1888 bent upon reform. The hollowness of the Republican denunciation of Democratic assessments would be conclusively shown by this story of the Lockwood receipts if it had not been already demonstrated by the action of the Massachusetts Republican Committee in assessing the State clerks. Their assessing circulars ought to be headed with the reform plank of the platform, and the money extorted from the Republican clerks should be called the Republican Civil Service Reform Fund.

PERSONAL.

One of the most enterprising newspapers on the Pacific coast, the *Daily Report*, an evening paper published in San Francisco, was not mentioned in the article on "Western Journalism" in the October number of Harper's Magazine. Its growth, though recent (up to 1882 it was only a mining journal), has been remarkable. The *Daily Report* is owned and published by William M. Bunker and A. C. Heister. It is printed on a Hoe perfecting press, and claims to have the largest circulation of any paper published in San Francisco. The limitations as to space of the article on "Western Journalism" did not permit the mention of many journals of considerable importance. Undoubtedly some were ignored which deserved notice as much as some which were included. Among these we may mention the Detroit *Journal* and the Chicago *Evening Journal*.

—The declaration by the Hon. Hugh McCulloch of his intention to vote for Cleveland, which was referred to in the last number of the Weekly, has naturally excited a great deal of attention. But the wide publicity accorded to the interview in which Mr. McCulloch defined his position has not been altogether extended to the newspaper in which the interview appeared—the *Commercial Advertiser*. The excellent work which the *Advertiser* is doing in the present political campaign deserves both cordial and general acknowledgment.

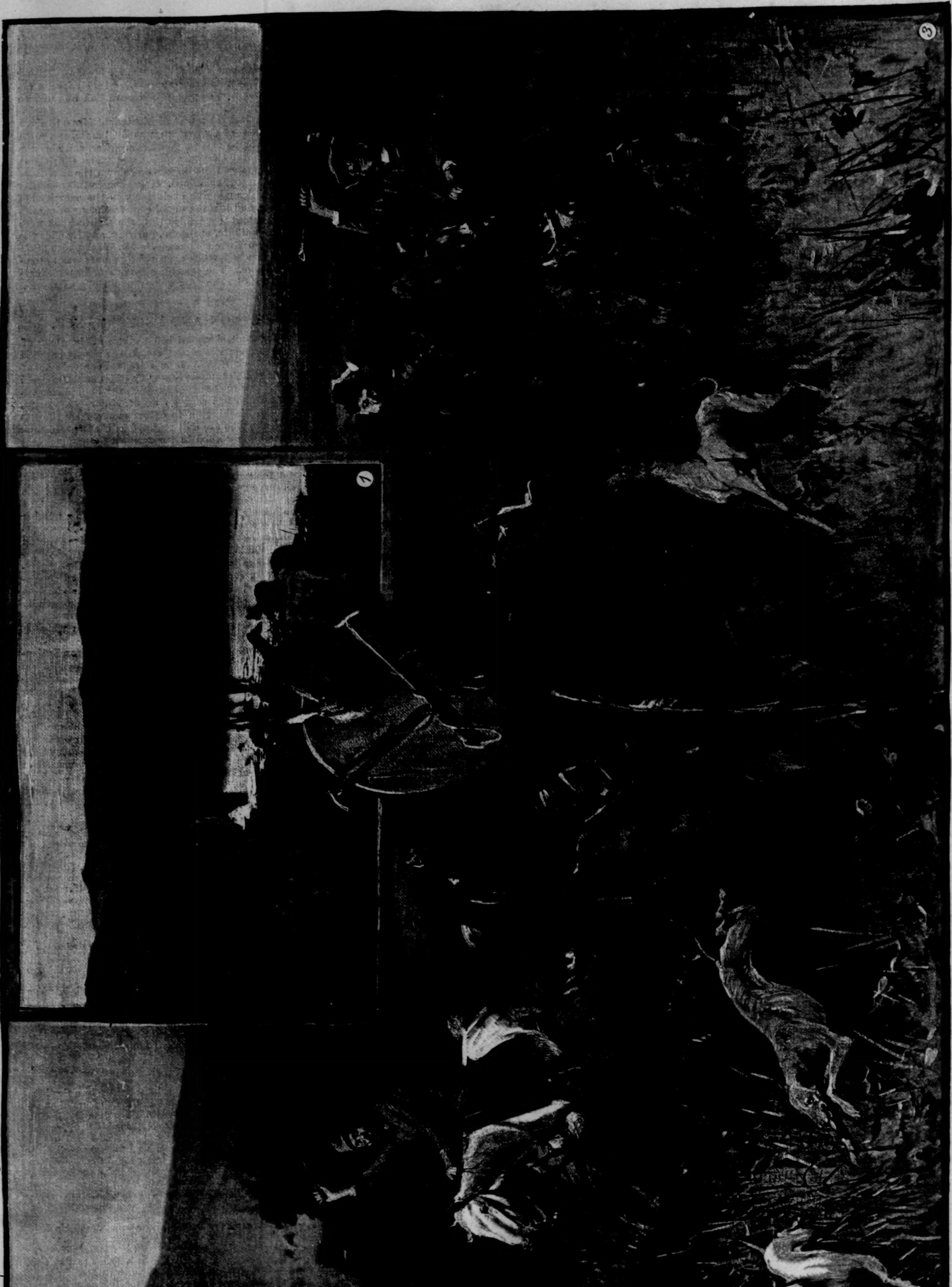
—The following extract is from a letter written by a Southern clergyman, dated March 12, 1841: "I had the pleasure of an introduction to General Harrison in Geo. Town 12th last month, in the retired collation-room, in the old Columbia Bank, some 8 or 10 gentlemen only in the room at the time. I said to him (being introduced as a clergyman from Montgomery), 'Well, General, I believe the *clergy* prayed, I know the *ladies* smiled, the *nation* acted, and I believe *Heaven* prospered, and you are here, and we are glad to see you.' Some conversation ensued, and then I retired, with the expression of this wish to him, 'May kind Providence carry you *safely* through the *difficulties* which are before you!'"

—George A. Rudd, the artist, who was on the steam-ship *Britannic* at the time of the collision with the *Celtic*, and from whose sketches, made at the time, the picture used in Harper's Weekly was drawn, has been lost in the Tyrol. It is feared that he fell into a crevasse of a glacier or over a precipice, and although seven trained Alpine guides have been searching for some time, his fate remains a mystery.

—Mr. Ashby L. Biedler, Secretary of the Citizens' Committee of Baltimore for the Relief of the Jacksonville Sufferers, writes to say that though Baltimore was not individualized in the Weekly cartoon of "To the Rescue," its contributions have reached the respectable sum of $11,651.

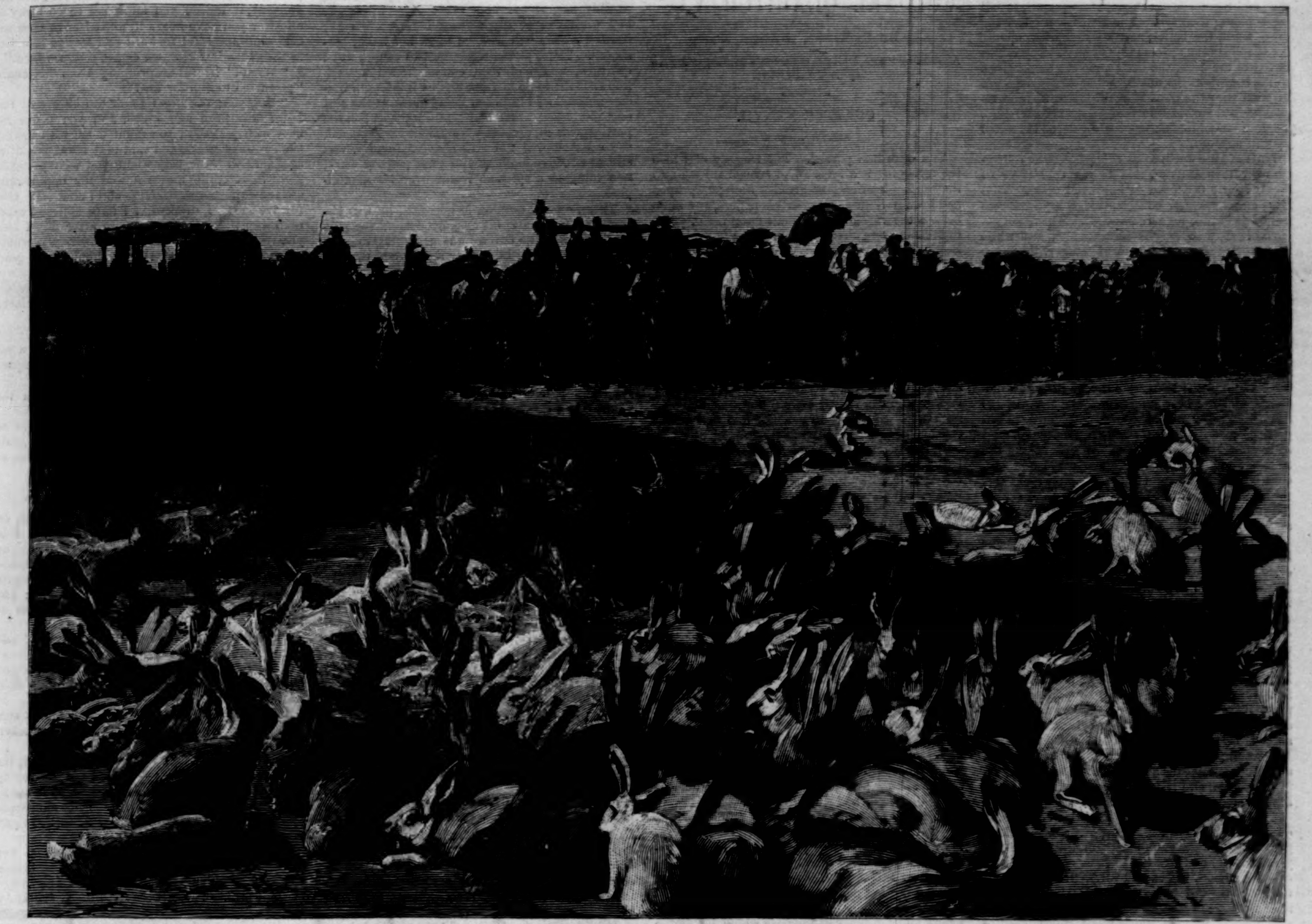
—King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Isles, who once upon a time was a passing hero in this town, is in trouble. He took a bribe of $71,000 from a Chinese speculator who wanted to control the opium market of Kalakaua's kingdom, and then gave the monopoly to somebody else. The disappointed speculator died, but his executors, bringing suit to recover the $71,000, have compelled his Royal Highness to disgorge.

—The venerable George Bancroft enjoyed his eighty-eighth birthday at his Newport cottage, where congratulatory messages poured in upon him from admirers all over the land. His health, he said to friends who called, has not been better for years.



JACK-RABBIT HUNTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.

1. The Meet at Sunrise. 2. In Full Cry. 3. Running down the Game.



A JACK-RABBIT DRIVE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.

A JACK-RABBIT DRIVE.

Any one who has seen the sun roll over the snow peaks of the Sierra Madre from its seeming night in Arizona, and with one burning glance convert the San Gabriel Valley into a blaze of light, can well imagine why in the olden days the mission bells were rung at sunrise, and the voices of the devotees rose in praise. There is a charm to the country not easily described. It is the land of out-of-door life, where all the conditions of existence are particularly happy. The San Gabriel Valley, in Los Angeles County, the best known of southern California, compares favorably with the European Riviera, that extends along the Mediterranean, backed by the Maritime Alps. In San Gabriel we have the Pacific, glistening faintly in deep blues, from twenty to thirty miles away, while to the north and east rise the Sierra Madre, a ridge of precipitous rock from four to ten thousand feet in height, its base rising from groves of orange, olive, and eucalyptus, its isolated peaks gleaming with the snows of winter. So strange a contrast can be seen nowhere else in America. The winter of the North and a semi-tropical summer are face to face. The snow of the lowlands is the falling petals of the almond, orange, peach, and apple, and from among them we may watch the veritable snow flurries of the upper range, see vast banks of snow caught by the cyclones, and hurled aloft hundreds of feet, to settle and become lost in the warm air of the valley. From February, if the rains are early, the whole country is a flower-garden. Innumerable forms, strangers to Eastern eyes, grace by-ways and hedges, and fields of yellow violets and wild heliotrope, banks of golden daisies, creamy buttercups, shooting-stars, baby bluets, and many more make up this winter carpet. The air, soft and balmy, is musical with the song of birds which winter here, and Nature is at her best.

On such a morning may be heard on the *mesa*, coming through the orange groves, the melodious notes of a horn, and a few moments later the master of the hunt appears in sight, his horse wading through the flowers, and the dogs half hidden in the rich verdure. There are ten or a dozen of the latter in the pack, sturdy greyhounds of graceful lines and aristocratic mien, long-legged, smooth-coated, trim as privateers built for speed, and suggesting the old couplets:

"Headed like a snake,
Necked like a drake,
Backed like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a rat,
And footed like a cat."

Coursing or riding after greyhounds in chase of the jack-rabbit is a pastime popular in the San Gabriel Valley, and fast finding favor all over the United States wherever the conditions permit. It possesses all the variety of fox-hunting, allows as hard riding if one wishes, and is by far the most exciting field sport on all the list from badger-baiting to taking the gamy wild-cat. The meet is on the lower edge of the *mesa*, where a group of eucalypti raise their lofty forms. There are riders from every Eastern State from old Virginia to Maine. No scarlet coats, but top-boots and riding outfits that would have astonished the old Spanish riders who gathered beneath the live-oaks in the valley years ago at the winding of the horn. Twenty or more riders are on the ground, saddles are being sinched, dogs petted and admired, when the warning notes of the horn are heard. The dogs start up, horses champ the bit, and among a jingling of Mexican spurs and fittings the field is away. They spread out, covering perhaps an eighth of a mile, the greyhounds slightly in advance, trotting along for a few paces, coming to a halt to look wistfully around, then moving on again. Half a mile is made in this way through a eucalyptus grove, now into an almond orchard, where the petals of the blossoms sprinkle the ground, into the orange groves, and among the olive-trees that skirt Pasadena and the uplands, when a shout brings every rider firmly in the saddle. A small gray object has darted up fairly beneath the feet of the horses. The apparition for the moment is startling. An inquisitive head, a pair of enormous black-tipped ears, erect and rakish like the masts of a ship. For a second it stands; then shoots forward like a rocket. The plunging horses, fired with excitement, dash onward, and the whole field is away.

The rabbit, an old fellow of goodly parts, begins the run as if he enjoyed it, not realizing that Mouse, Trinket, and Music, some of the best hounds in the valley, are following, and dashes away with the dogs close behind. For a hundred yards he runs in a direct line. The dogs are now working like machines, every muscle telling, and they seem to glide along like arrows, the blue and yellow flashes succeeding each other as they pull ahead or drop behind. The pace is a hard one for the riders. Some are taking everything. Narrow *arroyos* or cuts are jumped, and here within an eighth of a mile you can pick out the old cross-country riders of the East. Some have already fallen by the way-side, or are acting on the theory of discretion and valor, but the main body of hunters are well in with the dogs. The rabbit has stopped several times, and now turning, dashes at the horses, whose riders pull them on their haunches and take the new direction. Down into a cut they go. The rabbit slips under one of the horses' feet, and a hound snaps at him so close that he shrieks in fear. For a single second he is confused, then is away, outdoing the dogs in dodging, and saving himself by reaching the high bush, after wearing out half a dozen horses and several hounds, and, as one old fox-hunter and cross-country rider says, providing more excitement than could be mustered in half a dozen paper chases.

The dogs stretch out in the watercourse, the cool mountain stream running over them, which they fairly bite at in their eagerness. They have done well, as it is not an open country, and greyhounds, it should be remembered, run by eye alone. The riders have lost the preternatural freshness that characterized them half an hour before. White trousers are stained with the colors of flowers, and one rider has a suspicious stamp of soil upon his back, commemorative of the spot upon which he landed. All now busy themselves in resinching and getting things into shape for a fresh start. Favorite dogs are encouraged by their owners, and stories told of what they have done, while the master of the hunt finds an excuse for them all in the supernatural speed of the rabbit, or explains that the dogs are too heavy, or otherwise out of condition. A stretch of country has been crossed leading up toward the mountains, and beyond are a number of the finest ranches about Pasadena. Far away to the east and south rise San Jacinto and Santa Ana, while to the west stretches a veritable garden-land, a checker-board of vineyards, orange groves, grain plats, and ranches, reaching to the Puente Hills and beyond to the Pacific.

The pleasure to be derived in following a pack of greyhounds across country in a series of runs lies mainly in the variety. The dogs present various attitudes, in which grace, beauty, and intelligence predominate, and the rider, despite the speed, finds more actual enjoyment than in hunting with fox-hounds, though wild-cat hunting, as followed in California with these animals, is a most fascinating sport. The greyhound, in the experience of the writer, notwithstanding various authorities, is extremely intelligent and affectionate, and in a short run often makes remarkable exhibitions in which instinct seems to play an inconspicuous part. Greyhounds finely bred rarely possess scent, depending upon the eye, and when once the game is in sight their extraordinary speed should enable them to capture it. A pet dog, a type of its kind, with perfect lines of beauty, will often lose game in brush or tall grass. Her regular pace, with head low, is immediately abandoned, and with head up she leaps over the ground, occasionally jumping bodily into the air, and while suspended a second she looks quickly about and sees the waving of the grass caused by the fleeing form. Repeating the manœuvre, she keeps the rabbit in sight until it is again forced to the open country, where the chase begins again, the advantage with the dog.

The speed of a good greyhound equals that of the fastest horse. The writer possesses a blue dog which he has never been able to pass when mounted on the swiftest horse obtainable. The work entailed upon greyhounds in hunting in the northern and southern portions of California is entirely different. In the former, level tracts are common—in fact, the rule—while in the San Gabriel Valley the game is found on slopes reaching up to the mountains, which the light rabbit can easily traverse, but which soon wear out horse and dog. The rabbits on the Pasadena slopes appreciate this, and invariably run toward the uplands, winding a horse in a half-mile run. The remarkable influx of population here has done much to reduce their numbers, yet sufficient remain to afford ample sport. A dozen rabbits can be started in a morning hunt—quite enough for the most ardent cross-country rider. The case in the Antelope Valley and San Joaquin, in northern California, is very different. Here the greyhounds are kept as a matter of protection, every ranch possessing a pack of lean, gaunt dogs, run literally to skin and bone by the never-ending chases in which they delight. The rabbits here may be said to swarm, existing in such numbers that the ranchmen have risen in revolt, and a rabbit round up is held every week, in which many of the inhabitants join. A corral of wire is built, having a wide mouth, and a line of horsemen with greyhounds is formed that stretches across the *mesa* for five or six miles. By gradually converging, the victims are driven toward and finally into the corral, where instantaneous photographs of as many as twenty-five hundred have been taken. They are then destroyed by various means, and in this way it is hoped to rid the northern country of the pest.

The music of the horn again comes to us, and horses and dogs trot through the grotesque forms of a great vineyard, where tons of grapes are held in September, and out into the upland country, where a blaze of color dazzles the eye—a veritable field of the cloth of gold, covering acres, and so vivid that actual experiment has shown that it can be distinctly seen from ships on the Pacific thirty or forty miles away. This is the land of the poppy, and the blaze of color is occasioned by the *Eschscholtzia*, which grows here in vast fields. Into this wonder-land the dogs trot, and from the golden bed soon darts a rabbit. He shoots three feet into the air at the second leap, and like a ball goes bounding away, with the silent pack behind—an attractive spectacle to the artist or sportsman. The master of the hounds shouts a warning to the riders as his broncho takes a desperate leap over a hidden *arroyo*. The *mesa* is covered with a luxuriant growth of alfileria, poppies, and wild heliotrope, and cut with washes from mountain rains, many six or eight feet deep. Some of the horsemen take them; others, unfamiliar with the country, rely upon picking their way—a sensible proceeding.

The dogs in the mean time have turned the rabbit, and up the slope the field goes to fairly meet the little animal that, preferring the horses to the dogs, dashes at them. Now he turns—is stopped.

"Two points for Mouse," shouts her enthusiastic owner.

"One for Trinket," as another turn is made.

The horses are rushing hither and yon; the hounds dart this way and that, nearing the little creature inch by inch, when suddenly he makes a desperate jump, and is away again, followed by the field, that, wild with enthusiasm, shout encouragingly to the dogs. But it is a last spurt. The rabbit makes for a clump of trees, turns, and is seized from behind by a blue dog, and tossed, dead or dying, into the air, to fall back among the pack. The gentlemen cheer the dogs, while the ladies, secretly delighted, openly commiserate the unfortunate animal. The rabbit is fed to the dogs, the head and ears being given to the lady in at the death, and after the dogs are in good trim the hunt is again taken up, and repeated until horses, riders, and dogs are surfeited, when the lunch which has been ordered is hunted up and enjoyed.

Such are the outlines of this pastime as followed near Los Angeles, and to the true lover of manly sports it cannot be improved upon. That it is dangerous when conscientiously followed cannot be gainsaid, yet serious accidents have not occurred. The country is soon learned, and while it possesses more elements of danger, there are no hedges nor ditches to jump, as in England. The riding, however, is of the hardest. The dogs must be kept in sight, and consequently good horses are necessary. The jumping consists of the washes and gullies described.

What can be done with greyhounds in California remains to be seen, but those in the possession of the writer will not remain by the game. Once caught, it is tossed and nosed for a few moments, and the best dog immediately returns to her owner; her work is done, and she does not propose to do retrieving work. Another hound in the possession of a friend will often bring the rabbit to its master, and others could undoubtedly be trained to remain by the game; but this would probably result in a deterioration of riding. With dogs that will not stand by game, the riders appreciate the necessity of being in at the death.

A pack of greyhounds yield to no other dogs in their beauty. Spread over a field, their deliberate movements, the slow advance and occasional stops, or the eagerness and activity of others in flushing game, all tend to display their attractive and graceful forms. Breeding is more marked here perhaps than in any other dog. What the race-horse is among its kind the greyhound is among its species—a result of intelligent selection in breeding. Everything about the animal—the narrow pointed head, shapely neck, and powerful muscular hind limbs—tends to this end, and when at full speed, the greyhound, with its sinuous movements, appears like a machine.

Coursing has been long enjoyed in England, and for years has been the favorite out-door sport in California, and is rapidly finding favor among hardy riders all over the country.

The greyhound is not only the aristocrat among dogs, but boasts an ancient lineage. Bass-reliefs of greyhounds exist which date back three thousand years. We find them typified to-day in two classes—the smooth-haired and wire-haired. The latter may be represented by the English and California dogs; the other by the magnificent Irish greyhound, now rare, which was formerly used in hunting wolves. This noble animal, which was presumably introduced by the Danes, measured in typical specimens five feet one inch in length, and two feet four inches in height.

The greyhound of England in past centuries was essentially the dog of the aristocracy, princes of the royal blood and nobles alone possessing them, and old game-laws pronounced it death to kill one. In many old manuscripts in the Bodleian and Harleian libraries the greyhound figures prominently. The dogs were used for various purposes. Queen Elizabeth employed them in hunting the red deer, and an old manuscript describes a hunt which she graced where sixteen bucks were pulled down before her Majesty. These dogs at the present day are larger than the common greyhound, and are known as deer-hounds. Fine specimens have been exhibited in the various bench shows. Greyhounds differ in color, but two hues are generally esteemed—the blue or dark slate, and a light tan, bordering on yellow, commonly seen in the Italian greyhound.

True coursing consists in running the dogs in an open or enclosure after rabbits, and counting points on their turning the rabbit or stopping it. The sport is one of the oldest, and is fully described by Arrian in his *Cynegeticus*, A.D. 150. Various ancient authors refer to it, though in the Middle Ages it appears to have been discontinued. Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, organized in the time of Elizabeth the first set of rules, and from this, with some intermissions, the sport grew in favor, and many noblemen to-day keep large and valuable kennels. The interest taken in the sport at the present day in England may be judged from the fact that in 1876 the coursing prizes given were valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. About thirty years ago a national coursing parliament was organized. Rules were formulated, and all clubs acted in accordance with them. At these meets the finest greyhounds in the world are seen, Lancashire, Newmarket, and Scotch dogs being accepted as the types from which the American dogs are descended.

At a meet there are the judges on horseback, the beaters in, and the stoppers. The first are well mounted, and when the beaters have started a hare the dogs are stopped. The judges note, first, the relative speed; second, the go-by, when a dog starting behind passes its opponent; third, the turn, when a dog causes the hare to turn sharply at not less than a right angle; fourth, the wrench, when the hare is forced at a right angle; and fifth, the kill. This is the English method, and that held, with many variations, in various parts of the West.

In southern California the sport is entirely different, and requires the entire field, ladies and gentlemen, to be well mounted and seated to participate. The rabbit is started in its native haunts in a beautiful but hard riding country, and the dogs run upon their merits, giving the riders far harder work than they ever have after fox-hounds, as the run, though it may be a short one, is at a telling pace, and if on the level *mesa*, is a most exhilarating spectacle—a noble sport open to daring riders, ranking equally with fox-hunting at its best.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SISTER AGNES.

Ten days had passed. The tragedy of which the foregoing is a record had echoed through all the land. Numberless articles and paragraphs had been written in numberless papers, and numberless theories had been built upon them. But the echoes were already commencing to die away. Both actors in the dim event were dead, and there was no pending trial to keep the public interest alive.

The two bodies, still linked in that fierce dying grip, had been picked up upon a mud-bank. An inquest had been held, at which an open verdict was returned, and they had been buried. Other tragedies had occurred, the papers were filled with the reports of a noted and remarkably full-flavored divorce case, and the affair of the country lawyer who committed bigamy and together with his lawful wife came to a tragic and mysterious end began to be forgotten.

In Boisingham and its neighborhood much sympathy was shown with Belle, whom people still called Mrs. Quest, though she had no title to that name; but she received it coldly and kept herself secluded.

As soon as her supposed husband's death was beyond a doubt, Belle had opened his safe (for he had left his keys on his dressing-table), and found therein his will and other papers, including the mortgage deeds, to which, as Mr. Quest's memorandum advised her, she had no claim. Nor indeed had her right to them been good in law, would she have retained them, seeing that they were a price wrung from her late lover under threat of an action that could not be brought.

So she made them into a parcel and sent them to Edward Cossey, together with a formal note of explanation, greatly wondering in her heart what course he would take with reference to them. She was not left long in doubt. The receipt of the deeds was acknowledged, and three days afterward she heard that a notice calling in the borrowed money had been served upon Mr. De la Molle on behalf of Edward Cossey.

So he had evidently made up his mind not to forego this new advantage which chance threw in his way. Pressure and pressure alone could enable him to attain his end, and he was applying it unmercifully. Well, she had done with him now; it did not matter to her; but she could not help faintly wondering at the extraordinary tenacity and hardness of purpose which his action showed. Then she turned her mind to the consideration of another matter, in connection with which her plans were approaching maturity.

It was some days after this, exactly a fortnight from the date of Mr. Quest's death, that Edward Cossey was sitting one afternoon brooding over the fire in his rooms. He had much business awaiting his attention in London, but he would not go to London. He could not tear himself away from Boisingham, and such of the matters as could not be attended to there were left without attention. He was still as determined as ever to marry Ida, more determined, if possible, for from constant brooding on the matter he had arrived at a condition approaching monomania. He had been quick to see the advantage resulting to him from Mr. Quest's tragic death and the return of the deeds, and though he knew that Ida would hate him the more for doing it, he instructed his lawyers to call in the money, and make use of every possible legal means to harass and put pressure upon Mr. De la Molle. At the same time he had written privately to the Squire, calling his attention to the fact that matters were now once more as they had been at the beginning, but that he was, as before, willing to carry out the arrangements which he had already specified, provided that Ida could be persuaded to consent to marry him. To this Mr. De la Molle, notwithstanding his grief and irritation at the course his would-be son-in-law had taken about the mortgages on the death of Mr. Quest, and the suspicion that he now had as to the original cause of their transfer to the lawyer, had answered courteously enough, saying what he had said before, that he could not force his daughter into a marriage with him, but that if she chose to agree to it he should offer no objection. And there the matter stood. Once or twice he had met Ida walking or driving. She had bowed to him coldly, and that was all. Indeed, he had only one crumb of comfort in his daily bread of disappointment, and that hope deferred which, where a lady is concerned, makes the heart more than normally sick, and that was, he knew his hated rival, Colonel Quaritch, had been forbidden the castle, and that intercourse between him and Ida was practically at an end.

But he was a dogged and persevering man, and he knew the power of money, and the shifts to which people can be driven who are made desperate by the want of it. He knew, too, that it is no unusual thing for women who are attached to one man to sell themselves to another of their own free-will, realizing that love may pass, but wealth (if the settlements are properly drawn) does not. Therefore he still hoped that with so many circumstances bringing an ever-increasing pressure upon her, Ida's spirit would in time be broken, her resistance would collapse, and he would have his will. Nor, as the sequel will show, was that hope a baseless one.

As for his infatuation, there was literally no limit to it. It broke out in all sorts of ways, and was for miles round a matter of public notoriety and gossip. Over the mantel-piece in his sitting-room was a fresh example of it. He had by one means or another obtained several photographs of Ida, notably one of her in a court dress which she had worn two or three years before, when her brother James had insisted upon her being presented. These photographs he had caused to be enlarged, and had then commissioned a well-known artist to paint from them a full-length life-size portrait of Ida in her court dress, at the cost of £500. This order had been executed, and the portrait, which, although, as might be expected, the coloring was not entirely satisfactory, was still an effective likeness, and a fine piece of work, now hung in a splendid frame over his mantel-piece.

There, on the evening in question, he was sitting before the fire, his eyes fixed upon the portrait, of which the outline was beginning to grow dim in the waning December light, when the servant-girl came in and announced that a lady wanted to speak to him. He asked what her name was, and the girl said that she did not know, because she had her veil down, and was wrapped up in a big cloak.

In due course the lady was shown up. He had relapsed into his reverie, for nothing seemed to interest him much now unless it had to do with Ida—and he knew that the lady was not Ida, because the girl said that she was short. As it happened, he was sitting with his right ear, in which he was stone-deaf, to the door, so that between his infirmity and his dreams he never heard Belle—for it was she—enter the room.

For a minute or more she stood looking at him as he sat with his eyes fixed upon the picture, and as she looked an expression of pity stole across her sweet pale face.

"I wonder what curse there is laid upon us that we should be always doomed to seek for what we cannot find?" she said aloud.

He heard her now, and looking up, saw her standing in the glow and flicker of the firelight, which played upon her white face and black-draped form. He started violently, and as he did so she loosed the heavy cloak and hood that she wore, and it fell behind her. But where was the lovely rounded form, and where the clustering golden curls? Gone, and in their place a coarse robe of blue serge, on which hung a crucifix and the white hood of the nun.

He sprang from his chair with an exclamation, not knowing if he dreamed or if he really saw the woman who stood there like a ghost in the firelight.

"Forgive me, Edward," she said, presently, in her sweet, low voice. "I dare say that this all looks theatrical enough, but I have put on this dress for two reasons: firstly, because I have to leave this town in an hour's time, and wish to do so unknown; and secondly, to show you that you need not fear that I have come to be importunate. Will you light the candles?"

He did so mechanically, and then pulled down the blinds. Meanwhile Belle had seated herself near the table, her face buried in her hands.

"What is the meaning of all this, Belle?" he said.

"'Sister Agnes,' you must call me now," she said, taking her hands from her face. "The meaning of it is that I have left the world and entered a sisterhood, which works among the poor in London, and that I have come to bid you farewell, a last farewell."

He stared at her in amazement. He did not find it easy to connect the idea of this beautiful, passionate, human, loving creature with the cold sanctuary of a sisterhood. He did not know that it is natures like this, whose very greatness and intensity are often the cause of their destruction, when they come in adverse contact with laws which are fitted to the average of their race, that are most capable of these strange developments. The man or woman who can really love and endure—and they are rare—can also, when their passion has utterly broken them, turn them to climb the stony paths that lead to love's antipodes.

"Edward," she went on, "you know in what relation we have stood to each other, and all that that relationship means to woman. You know that I have loved you with all my heart, and all my strength, and all my soul; that your voice has been music to me, and your kindness heaven." (Here she trembled and broke down.)

"You know, too," she continued, presently, "what has been the end of all this, the shameful end. I am not come to blame you. I do not blame you, for the fault was mine, and if I have anything to forgive, I forgive it freely; and whatever memories may still live in my heart, I swear I put away all bitterness, and that my most earnest wish is that you may be happy, as happiness is to you. The mistake was mine; that is, it would have been mine were we free agents, which perhaps we are not. I should have loved my husband, or rather the man whom I thought my husband, for with all his faults he was of a different clay to you, Edward."

He looked up, but said nothing.

"I know," she went on, pointing to the picture over the mantel-piece, "that your mind is still set upon her, and that I am nothing, and less than nothing, to you. When I am gone you will scarcely give me a thought. I do not know if you will succeed in your end, and I think that the methods you are adopting are wicked and shameful. But whether you succeed or not, your fate also will be what my fate is—to love a person who is not only indifferent to you, but who positively dislikes you, and reserves all her secret heart for another man, and I know no greater penalty than is to be found in that daily misery."

"You are very consoling," he said, sulkily.

"I only tell you the truth," she answered. "What sort of life do you suppose mine has been when I am so utterly broken, so entirely robbed of hope, that I have determined to leave the world and hide myself and my misery in a sisterhood?

"And now, Edward," she went on, after a pause, "I have something to tell you, for I will not go away, if indeed you allow me to go away at all after you have heard it, until I have confessed"—and she leant forward and looked him full in the face. "*I shot you on purpose, Edward.*"

"What!" he said, springing from his chair, "you tried to murder me?"

"Yes, yes; but don't think too hardly of me. I am only flesh and blood, and you drove me mad with jealousy; you taunted me with having been your mistress, and said that I was not fit to associate with the lady whom you were going to marry. It made me mad, and the opportunity offered—the gun was there—and I shot you. God forgive me! I think that I have suffered more than you did. Oh! when day after day I saw you lying there, and did not know if you would live or die, I thought that I should have gone mad with remorse and agony!"

He listened so far, and then suddenly walked across the room toward the bell. She placed herself between him and it.

"What are you going to do?" she said.

"Going to do? I am going to send for a policeman and give you into custody for attempted murder, that is all."

She caught his arm and looked him in the face. In another second she had loosed it.

"Of course," she said, "you have a right to do that. Ring and send for the policeman, only remember that the whole truth will come out at the trial."

This checked him, and he stood thinking.

"Well," she said, "why don't you ring?"

"I do not ring," he answered, "because, on the whole, I think I had better let you go. I do not wish to be mixed up with you any more. You have done me mischief enough; you have finished by attempting to murder me. Go; I think that the convent is the best place for you; you are too bad and too dangerous to be left at large."

"*Oh!*" she said, like one in pain. "*Oh!* and you are the man for whom I have come to this! Oh, God! it is a cruel world." And she pressed her hands to her heart, and stumbled rather than walked to the door.

Reaching it, she turned, and, her hands still pressing the coarse blue gown against her heart, she leaned her back against the door.

"Edward," she said, in a strained whisper, for her breath came thick—"Edward, I am going forever—have you no kind word—to say to me?"

He looked at her, a scowl upon his handsome face, and then by way of answer he turned upon his heel.

And so, still holding her hands against her poor broken heart, she went out of the house, out of Boisingham, and of touch and knowledge of the world. These two were, though she knew it not, once and once only, fated to meet again, in after-years, and under circumstances sufficiently tragic; but the story of that meeting does not lie within the scope of this history. To the world, Belle was dead; but there is another world of sickness and sorrow, and sordid, unchanging misery and shame, where the lovely face of Sister Agnes moves to and fro like a ray of God's own light, and there those who would know her must go to seek her.

Poor Belle! Poor, shamed, deserted woman! She was an evil-doer, and the fatality of love and the rush of her quick blood, and the unbalanced vigor of her mind, which might, had she been more happily placed, have led her to all things that are pure and true and of good report, had combined to drag her into shame and misery. But the evil that she did has been paid back to her in full measure, pressed down and running over. Few of us need to wait for a place of punishment to get the due of our follies and our sins. Here we expiate them. They are with us day and night, about our path and about our bed, scourging us with the whips of memory, mocking us with empty longing and the hopelessness of despair. Who can escape the consequence of sin, or even of the misfortune which led to sin? Certainly Belle did not, nor did Mr. Quest, nor even that fierce-hearted harpy who hunted him to his grave.

And so good-by to Belle. May she find peace in its season!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COLONEL QUARITCH EXPRESSES HIS VIEWS.

Meanwhile things had been going very ill at the castle. Edward Cossey's lawyers were carrying out their client's instructions to the letter with a perseverance and ingenuity worthy of a County Court solicitor. Day by day they found some new point upon which to harass the wretched Squire. Some share of the first expenses connected with the mortgages had, they said, been improperly thrown upon their client, and they again and again demanded, in language which was almost insolent, the immediate payment of the amount. Then there was three months' interest overdue, and this also they pressed and clamored for, till the old gentleman was nearly driven out of his senses, and as a consequence drove everybody about the place out of theirs.

At last this state of affairs began to tell upon his constitution, which, strong as he was, could not at his age withstand such constant worry. He grew to look years older, his shoulders acquired a stoop, and his memory began to fail him, especially on matters connected with the mortgages and farm accounts. Ida, too, became pale and ill; she caught a heavy cold, which she could not throw off, and her face acquired a permanently pained and yet listless look.

One day—it was on the 15th of December—things reached a climax. When Ida came down to breakfast she found her father busy poring over some more letters from the lawyers.

"What is it now, father?" she said.

"What is it now?" he answered, irritably. "Why, it's another claim for £200—that's what it is. I keep telling them to write to my lawyers, but they won't, at least they write to me too. There, I can't make head or tail of it. Look here," and he showed her two sides of a big sheet of paper covered with statements of accounts. "Anyhow, I have not got £200, that's clear. I don't even know where we are going to find the money to pay the three months' interest. I'm worn out, Ida, I'm worn out; that's the long and short of it. There is only one thing left for me to do, and that is to die, and that's the long and short of it. I get so confused with all these figures. I'm an old man now, and all these troubles are too much for me."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1646.

"You must not talk like that, father," she answered, not knowing what else to say, for affairs were indeed desperate.

"Yes, yes, it's all very well to talk so, but facts are stubborn. Our family is ruined, and we must accept it."

"Cannot the money be got anyhow? Is there *nothing* to be done?" she asked, desperately.

"What is the good of asking me that? There is only one thing that can save us, and you know what it is as well as I do. But you are your own mistress. I have no right to put pressure on you. You must please yourself. Meanwhile I think we had better leave this place at once, and go and live in a cottage somewhere, if we can get enough to support us; if not we must starve, I suppose. I cannot keep up appearances any longer."

Ida rose, and with a strange, sad light of resolution shining in her eyes, came to where her father was sitting, and putting her hand upon his shoulder, looked him in the face.

"Father," she said, "do you wish me to marry that man?"

"Wish you to marry him? What do you mean?" he said, not without irritation, and avoiding her gaze. "It is no affair of mine. I don't like the man, if that's what you mean. He is acting like—well, like the cur that he is, in putting on the screw as he is doing; but, of course, that is the way out of it, and the only way, and there you are."

"Father," she said again, "will you give me ten days—that is, until Christmas-day? If nothing happens between this and then I will marry Mr. Edward Cossey."

A sudden light of hope shone in his eyes. She saw it, though he tried to hide it by turning his head away.

"Oh yes," he answered, "as you wish; settle it one way or the other on Christmas-day, and then we can go out with the new year. You see your brother James is dead, and I have no one left to advise me now, and I suppose that I am getting old. At any rate, things seem to be too much for me. Settle it as you like; settle it as you like," and he got up, leaving his breakfast half swallowed, and went off to moon aimlessly about the park.

So she made up her mind at last. This was the end of her struggling. She could not let her old father be turned out of house and home to starve, for practically they would starve. She knew her hateful lover well enough to be aware that he would show no mercy. It was a question of the woman or the money, and she was the woman. Either she must let him take her, or they must be destroyed; there was no middle course. And in these circumstances there was no room for hesitation. Once more her duty became clear to her. She must give up her life; she must give up her love; she must give up herself. Well, so be it. She was weary of the long endeavor against fortune; now she would yield, and let the tide of utter misery sweep over her like a sea, and bear her away till at last it brought her to that oblivion in which perchance all things come right, or are as though they had never been.

She had scarcely spoken to her lover, Harold Quaritch, for some weeks. She had, as she understood it, entered into a kind of unspoken agreement with her father not to do so, and that agreement Harold had understood and respected. Since their last letters to each other they had met once or twice casually or at church, and interchanged a few indifferent words, though their eyes spoke another story, and touched each other's hands and parted, and that was absolutely all. But now that she had come to this momentous decision she felt that he had a right to learn it, and so once more she wrote to him. She might have gone to see him, or told him to meet her, but she would not. For one thing, she did not dare to trust herself on such an errand in his dear company; for another, she was too proud, thinking that if her father came to hear of it he might consider that it had a clandestine and underhand appearance.

And so she wrote. With all she said we need not concern ourselves. The letter was passionate, more passionate than one would perhaps have expected from a woman of Ida's calm and stately sort. But a mountain may have a heart of fire although it is clad in snows, and so it sometimes is with women who look cold and unemotional as marble. Besides, it was her last chance—she could write him no more letters, and she had much to say.

"And so I have decided, Harold," she said, after telling him of all her doubts and troubles. "I must do it; there is no help for it, as I think you will see. I have asked for the ten days' respite—well, I really hardly know why, except that it is a respite. And now what is there left to say to you except good-by? I love you, Harold, I make no secret of it, and I shall never love any other. Remember all your life that I love you and have not forgotten you, and never can forget. For people placed as we are there is but one hope—the grave. In the grave earthly considerations fail and earthly contracts end, and here I trust and believe we shall find each other—or at the least forgetfulness. My heart is so sore I know not what to say to you, for it is difficult to put all I feel in words. I am overwhelmed and my spirit is broken, and I wish to God that I were dead. Sometimes I cease to believe in a God who can allow his creatures to be so tormented, and give us love only that it may be daily dishonored in our sight; but who am I that I should complain? and after all what are our troubles compared to some we know of? Well, it will come to an end at last, and meanwhile pity me and think of me.

"Pity me and think of me, yes, but never see me more. As soon as this engagement is publicly announced, go away, the farther the better. Yes, go to New Zealand, as you suggested once before, and in pity of our human weakness never let me see your face again. Perhaps you may write to me sometimes—if my—if Mr. Cossey will allow it. Go there and occupy yourself, it will divert your mind—you are still too young a man to lay yourself upon the shelf—mix yourself up in the politics of the place, take to writing, anything, so long as you can absorb yourself. I send you a photograph of myself (I have nothing better), and a ring that night and day I have worn since I was a child. I think that it will fit your little finger, and I hope that you will always wear it in memory of me. And now it is late and I am tired, and what is there more that a woman can say to the man she loves—and whom she must leave forever? Only one word—good-by. Ida."

When Harold got this letter it fairly broke him down. His hopes had been revived when he thought that all was lost, and now again they were utterly dashed and broken. He could see no way out of it, none at all. He could not quarrel with Ida's decision, shocking as it was, for the simple reason that he knew in his heart that she was acting rightly and even nobly. But, oh, the thought of it made him mad. It is probable that to a man of imagination and deep feeling Hell itself can invent no more hideous torture than that he must undergo in the position in which Harold Quaritch found himself. To truly love some good woman or some woman whom he thinks good—for it comes to the same thing—to love her more than life, to hold her dearer even than his honor, to be, like Harold, beloved in turn, and then to know that that woman, that one thing for which he would count the world well lost and would even sacrifice his hope of heaven, that light that makes his days beautiful, that starry joy set like a diadem upon life's dark brows, has been taken from him by the mockery of Fate (not by Death, for that he could bear), taken from him, and given—for money or money's worth—to some other man! It is, perhaps, better that a man should die than that he should pass through such an experience as that which threatened Harold Quaritch now; for, though the man die not, yet will it kill all that is best in him; and whatever triumphs may await him, and whatever women may be ready in the future to pin their favors to his breast, life will never be for him what it might have been, because his lost love took its glory with her.

No wonder, then, that he despaired. No wonder, too, that there rose up in his breast a great anger and indignation against the man who had brought this last extremity of misery upon them both. He was a just man, and could make allowances for his rival's infatuation—which, indeed, Ida being concerned, it was not difficult for him to understand. But he was also, and above all things, a gentleman; and the spectacle of a woman being inexorably driven into a distasteful marriage by money pressure, put on by the man who wished to gain her, revolted him beyond measure, and though he was slow to wrath, moved him to fiery indignation. So much did it move him that he took a resolution; Mr. Cossey should know his mind about the matter, and that at once. Ringing the bell, he ordered his dog-cart, and drove to Edward Cossey's rooms, with the full intention of giving that gentleman a very unpleasant quarter of an hour.

Mr. Cossey was in, and fearing lest he should refuse to see him, the Colonel followed the servant up the stairs, and entered almost as she announced his name. There was a grim and even formidable look upon his plain but manly face, and something of menace, too, in his formal and soldierly bearing; nor did his aspect soften when his eyes fell upon the full-length picture of Ida over the mantel-piece.

Edward Cossey rose with astonishment and irritation, not unmixed with nervousness, depicted on his face. The last person whom he wished to see and expected a visit from was Colonel Quaritch, whom in his heart he held in considerable awe. Besides, he had of late received such a series of unpleasant visits that it is not wonderful that he began to dread these interviews.

"Good-day," he said, coldly. "Will you be seated?"

The Colonel bowed his head slightly, but he did not sit down.

"To what am I indebted for the pleasure?" began Edward Cossey, with much politeness.

"Last time I was here, Mr. Cossey," said the Colonel, in his deep voice, speaking very deliberately, "I came to give an explanation; now I come to ask one."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. To come to the point. Miss De la Molle and I are attached to each other, and there has been between us an understanding that that attachment might end in marriage."

"Oh, has there?" said the younger man, with a sneer.

"Yes," answered the Colonel, keeping down his rising temper as well as he could. "But now I am told, upon what appears to be good authority, that you have actually condescended to bring, directly and indirectly, pressure of a monetary sort to bear upon Miss De la Molle and her father in order to force her into a distasteful marriage with you."

"And what the devil business of yours is it, sir," asked Cossey, "what I have or have not done? Making every allowance for the disappointment of an unsuccessful suitor (for I presume that you appear in that character)"—again he sneered—"I ask, what business is it of yours?"

"It is every business of mine, Mr. Cossey, because if Miss De la Molle is forced into this, I shall lose my wife."

"Then you will certainly lose her. Do you suppose that I am going to consider you? Indeed," he went on, being now in a towering passion, "I should have thought that considering the difference between us, of age and fortune, you might find other reasons than you suggest to account for my being preferred to you, if I should be so preferred. Ladies are apt to choose the better man, you know."

"I don't quite know what you mean by the 'better man,' Mr. Cossey," said the Colonel, quietly. "Without wishing to make any comparisons, I may say that in birth, in breeding, perhaps even in education and the record of my life, in which at least I have not disgraced myself, I am fully your equal, though I admit that you have the advantage of me in money and in years. However, that is not the point; the point is that I have had the fortune to be preferred to *you* by the lady in question, and *not* you to me. I happen to know that the idea of marriage with you is as distasteful to Miss De la Molle as it is to me. This I know from her own lips. She will only marry you, if she does at all, under the direst necessity, and to save her father from the ruin you are deliberately bringing upon him."

"Well, Colonel Quaritch," he answered, "have you quite done lecturing me? If you have, let me tell you, as you seem anxious to know, that if by any legal means I can marry Ida de la Molle I certainly fully intend to marry her; and let me tell you another thing, that when once I am married to her it will be the last that you shall see of her, if I can prevent it."

"Thank you for your admissions," said Harold, still more quietly. "So it seems that it is all true; it seems that you are using your wealth to harass this unfortunate gentleman and his daughter until you drive them into consenting to this marriage. That being so, I wish to tell you privately what I shall probably take some opportunity of telling you in public, namely, that a man who does such things is a *cur*, and worse than a cur—he is a blackguard; and *you* are such a man, Mr. Cossey."

Edward Cossey's face turned perfectly livid with fury, and he drew himself up as though to spring at his adversary's throat.

The Colonel held up his hand. "Don't try that on with me," he said. "In the first place, it is vulgar; and in the second, you have only just recovered from an accident, and are no match for me though I am over forty years old. Listen, our fathers had a way of settling their troubles; I don't approve of that sort of thing as a rule, but in some cases it is salutary. If you think yourself aggrieved, it does not take long to cross the water, Mr. Cossey."

Edward Cossey looked puzzled. "Do you mean to suggest that I should fight a duel with you?" he said.

"To challenge a man to fight a duel," answered the Colonel, with deliberation, "is an indictable offence, therefore I make no such challenge. I have made a suggestion, and if that suggestion falls in with your views, as"—and he bowed—"I hope it may, we might perhaps meet accidentally abroad in a few days' time, when we could talk this matter over further."

"I'll see you hanged first," answered Cossey. "What have I to gain by fighting you except a very good chance of being shot? I have had enough of being shot as it is, and we will play this game out upon the old lines until I win it."

"As you like," said Harold. "I have made a suggestion to you which you do not see fit to accept. As to the end of the game, it is not finished yet, and therefore it is impossible to say who will win it. Perhaps you will be checkmated after all. In the mean while allow me again to assure you that I consider you both a cur and a blackguard, and to wish you good-morning." And he bowed himself out, leaving Edward Cossey in a curious condition of concentrated rage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIGHTING FIRE IN NORTH TEXAS.

Who first invented this novel method of extinguishing a grass fire on the plains, fame has not heralded. Old Texans declare that when Indians killed buffalo in quantity, and feasted, their fires sometimes spread, and a freshly skinned buffalo hide was used by the squaws to smother the flames. Cow-boys (the Texan ones) claim the patent for this novel method of extinguishing fires. The buffalo bunch or mesquit grass, in certain seasons, rather smoulders than blazes, but when the dry spell is continuous the herbage becomes as inflammable as tinder. To lose the naturally cured grass is to weaken the cattle, and lank stock does not winter well. The fire starts, and the cow-boy, ever on the alert, sees it. A cigarette has been dropped or a spark from a fire has done the business. It is not a section of country abounding with water, hose, or steam fire-engines. The apparatus for extinguishing the fire is peculiar, and near at hand. Crack! goes a cow-boy's revolver, and knowing exactly how to shoot, a steer falls, with scarce a struggle, and is dead. Instantly a half-dozen cow-boys gather around the dead animal, and they proceed to flay the steer in the most expeditious manner. It is not a skin for the tan-yard, to be nicely taken off, but there is left adhering to the hide fully four inches of the meat. It is a very heavy hide. Now two cow-boys tie their "ropes" to the pendulous shanks of the hide, take a twist of the ropes around the horns of their saddles, spring on their ponies, and plunging spurs into their mounts, off they start at a mad gallop, dragging the hide over the fire and putting it out. Other cow-boys trail along and extinguish what little fire is left.

It is severe work for the wiry little horses that scour the plain. Just as soon as the horses show signs of tire, the riders jump off and mount fresh animals. At breakneck speed many miles of fire are followed. The plucky little beasts are not spared, and what they may want in bottom is made up in gameness. A "civilized" American Eastern horse could not do such work, for never could he be made to face the burning prairie. Mr. Remington, in his realistic sketch, shows how, when there is a strain on the rope, the cow-boy always throws himself on the opposite side, so as to counterbalance the pull. The public who have been so often treated to the pictures of "a prairie on fire" will not be satisfied unless the artist depicts a scene lurid with flames which bear a certain family resemblance to the burning of Moscow. Such, however, is not the case. Actually it is a low, ugly, sinister fire, where the flames never are high, though the smoke is dense. Of course, if there is timber, then there is a certain amount of grandeur about the conflagration. Mr. Remington pictorially puts exact conditions before readers, and supplements them by writing, "A prairie fire does not burn upon the air, as romantic people have long liked to think it does."

CIVILIZATION.

"No longer war!" with noble zeal they said.
"Wise arbitration shall decide each feud."
And so they melted down their sinful lead,
With such new fervor were they all imbued.

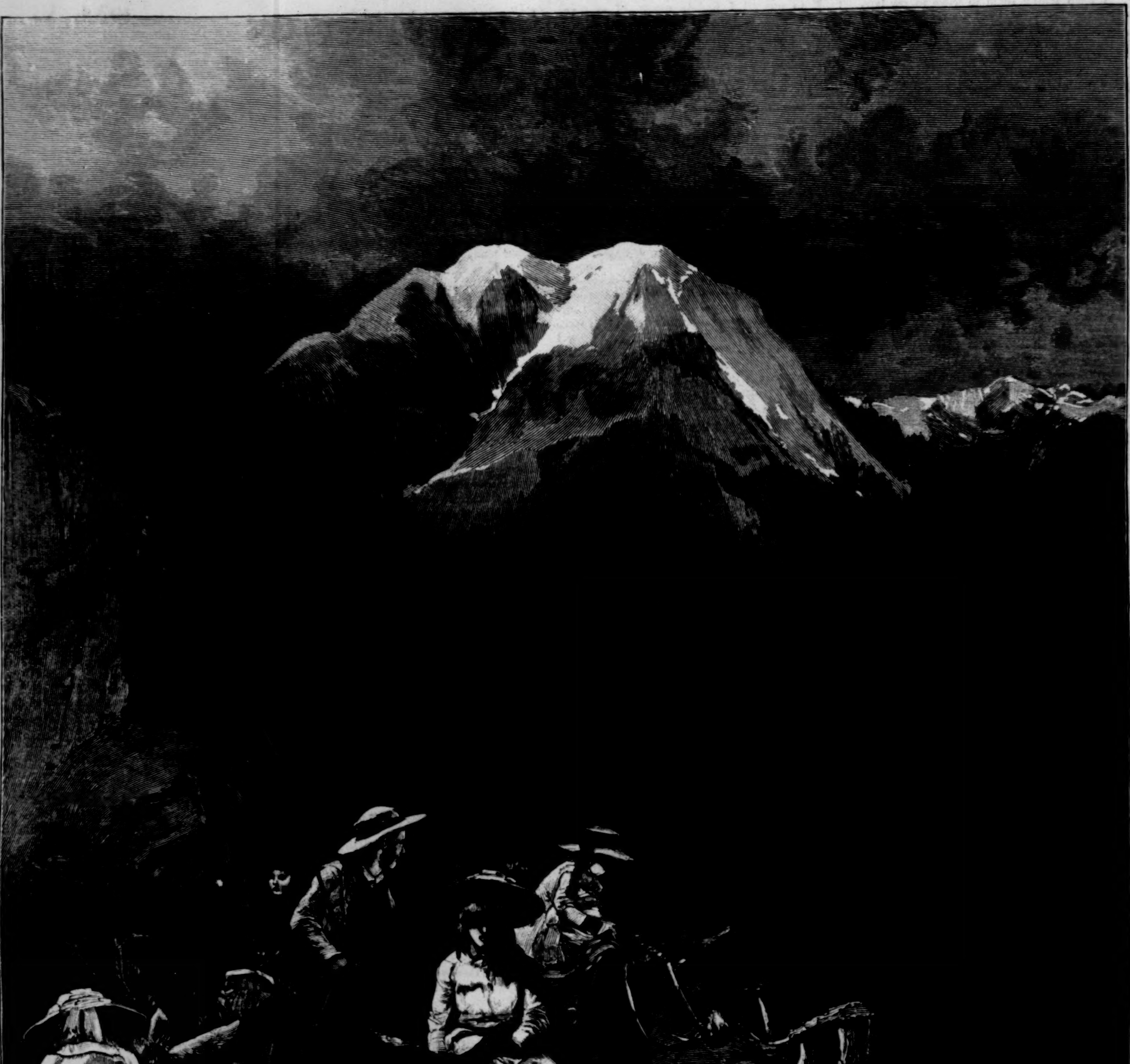
Was it the love of man for fellow-man?
I fear me, not; but each had grown so skilled
Building great guns, each knew, if war began,
And both should fire, that both would soon be killed.

A. W. R.

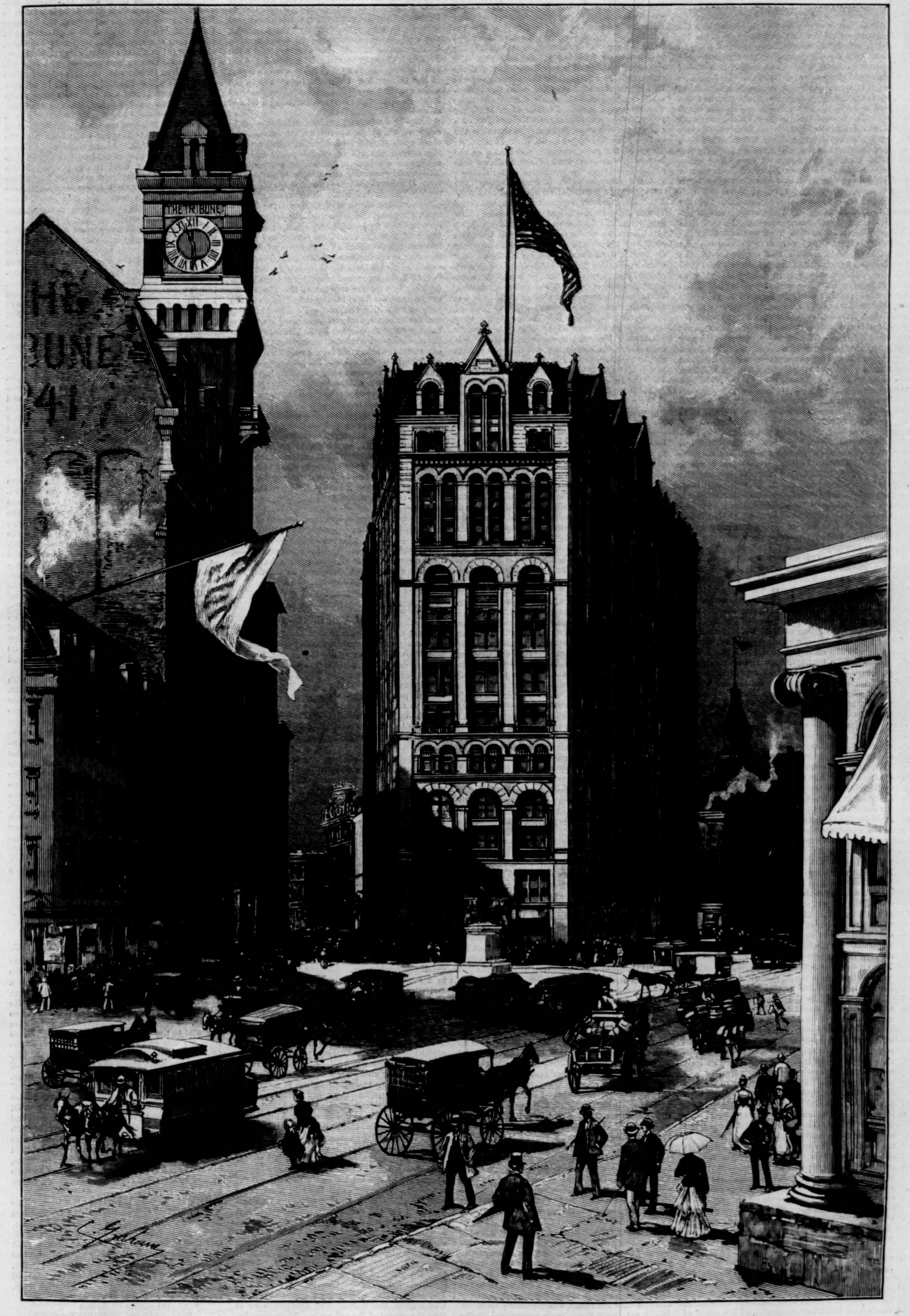
CAMP JOHN R. BROOKE.

The largest body of regular troops that has been brought together for manœuvres since the close of the civil war was assembled during the month of September at Kearney, in Nebraska. Twenty-three companies of infantry went into camp there on the 1st of the month, and remained for four weeks. The camp was named in honor of Brigadier-General John R. Brooke, commanding the Department of the Platte, in which the troops are stationed. They consisted of five companies of the Twenty-first Infantry, Colonel Henry A. Morrow commanding; eight companies of the Seventeenth Infantry, Colonel Henry R. Mizner commanding; ten companies of the Second Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Fletcher commanding. The camp was commanded by Brevet Major-General Frank Wheaton, Colonel of the Second Infantry, with a staff consisting of Major J. M. Brown, Surgeon U.S.A., chief medical officer; First Lieutenant A. R. Egbert, R.Q.M., Second Infantry; First Lieutenant James M. Burns, Seventeenth Infantry, A.D.C.; First Lieutenant John Kinzie, Adjutant Second Infantry, A.A.A.G.; First Lieutenant John S. Parke, Jun., Twenty-first Infantry; Second Lieutenant W. M. Wright, Second Infantry, Engineer and Ordnance Officer. It was something of a coincidence that General Wheaton, well remembered as a Division commander in the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, had been stationed at old Fort Kearney thirty-two years before, when central and western Nebraska were given up to the occupation of buffaloes, coyotes, and Indians of the plains. The contrast must have seemed to him great in finding his camp placed near a town of 10,000 people, with a well-farmed country all around Lake Kearney. The camp was established on a broad grassy plain a mile west of the court-house.

The unusual number of troops in camp allowed them to be organized as an infantry brigade, so that brigade and battalion reviews, parades, and drills could be held, as well as exercises of smaller commands. The daily camp routine included reveille at 5.30 A.M.; company or battalion drill from 6.30 to 7.30; battalion guard mount at 8; brigade drill from 9.30 to 11.30; grand guard mounting, 1 P.M.; outpost duty from 1 to 4 P.M.; battalion or brigade dress parade, 5.30 P.M. Scouting parties were sent out as if in an enemy's country, and escorts were supplied for wagon trains, which were attacked by other detachments, the result being either their capture or else the repulse of the assailants. These and the other military exercises were regarded as of much utility in promoting the efficiency of the troops assembled; they also were enjoyed by the towns-people and others who visited the camp. The troops reached the camp by moving from Fort Omaha, Fort Sidney, and Fort D. A. Russell, from which they were drawn, each regiment bringing its band. The troops stood the marching well, although it was the opinion of some officers that the distance of the rendezvous could be shortened with advantage in subsequent annual camps of instruction. However, the fine daily marches made on their return to their various stations, which began on the 29th of September, showed that they were in good condition after their month of camp exercise. The policy of putting a portion of the troops of the departments into summer camps and cantonments for exercises in many of the minor operations of war, such as otherwise would not become familiar to them in the long continuance of peace, is now well established, and there can be no question as to its value.



A BURRO PARTY, PIKE'S PEAK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 819.]



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES."—GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 818.]

THE NEW YORK "TIMES."

ITS HISTORY.

The history of the New York *Times* since the appearance of the first number, September 18, 1851, affords a striking illustration of the persistency in a public journal of the characteristics impressed upon it by its founders, in spite of changes in the personal force through which its work is done. It trains generations of men in its service, and through their selection and discipline preserves its traditions and its individuality. The founders of the New York *Times* were Henry J. Raymond and George Jones, the former being its first editor, and the latter having been its publisher and financial manager from the day of its starting to the present time. The enterprise was due to the sagacity of these men in recognizing the field that was then open for a vigorous journal of an independent and outspoken character, and the intelligence and energy displayed in filling it. The reward came in immediate and continuous success. At that time the Whig press of New York was upholding the policy of compromise and concession on the slavery question, with the exception of the *Tribune*, whose radicalism ran to extremes, and whose influence was impaired by the vagaries of Fourierism. The prospectus of the *Times* declared that it would be devoted to principles that were "held by the great Whig party of the United States more nearly than by any other political organization," which suggested an attitude of independent criticism, then unusual, and ever since characteristic of the course of that newspaper. In the opening editorial article of the first number, in answer to allegations which had been made as to its purposes, it said: "We shall be conservative in all cases where we think conservatism essential to the public good; and we shall be radical in everything which may seem to us to require radical treatment and radical reform."

This defines with sufficient clearness the position which the new paper took in the journalism of the time when the great agitations between North and South, between slavery and free-soil, were taking shape, in which the Whig party was shaken to pieces and the Republican party built up. It started as a one-cent sheet of four pages, each consisting of six narrow columns. It was so thoroughly established in one year that it felt justified in doubling its size and its price to enable it to fulfil its promise of being "the best family newspaper in New York." Among the first events which gave it an opportunity to display at once its enterprise and its broad sympathies was the visit of Louis Kossuth to this country. When the Hungarian patriot was exciting an intense popular interest, the *Times* followed up his mission with full reports of his speeches and sympathetic support of the purpose of his visit. At the Whig Convention of 1852 Mr. Raymond was present in the interest of his newspaper, and was chosen by the chairman of the New York delegation to fill a vacancy. His vigorous despatches, telegraphed back to Baltimore, had much to do with deciding the action of the Convention in favor of General Scott and his Northern supporters, and against the schemes of the Southern advocates of Fillmore, though the candidate previously favored by the *Times* had been Daniel Webster. The paper took a decided stand against the Know-Nothing movement, and predicted its speedy destruction through the efforts of the pro-slavery forces to get possession of it. It took a conspicuous part in the opposition to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and found itself by the force of its impulses a leader in the movement for the forming of a new party of freedom.

The address to the people of the United States of the Free-soil Convention at Pittsburgh in 1855 was written by Mr. Raymond, and when the Republican party was fully organized, and had put its first candidates in the field, the *Times* had been brought to its hearty support by the logic of its course from the start. It was thenceforth one of the boldest and most vigorous opponents of the aggressions of the slave power, while continuing to hold that there could be no interference with slavery in the States where it was established. It vigorously attacked the reasoning and the conclusions of the Dred Scott decision, but held that the authority of the Supreme Court was not to be questioned, and what it held to be law must be respected as such.

In the mean time the *Times* had won a reputation for the fulness and variety of its news second to that of no other New York newspaper, and had made a special feature of foreign correspondence. The letters printed during the Crimean war, the complications of the Eastern question, and the conflict between Austria and Italy were notable for their graphic narrative and clear expositions. The breaking out of the civil war in our own country brought it special opportunities both for enterprise and promptness in news-gathering and for vigor and patriotism in public discussions, and the *Times* did not fail to use its resources to the utmost in the cause of the Union and in support of the government. It spoke favorably, but without hope of good results, of the Peace Convention of February, 1861, and when once the contest which had been so long impending came to a violent issue, it was unwavering in its support of vigorous measures until it was over. It was during the era of reconstruction that differences first developed between the *Times* and the more extreme leaders of the Republican party. It advocated at first a conciliatory policy and "healing measures," and gave its sanction to the National Union Convention at Philadelphia in 1866, but the efforts which they represented for restoring the union of States with the co-operation of the people of those that had seceded proved without avail, and the subsequent conduct of President Johnson, and the spirit of resistance to the authority of the government exhibited in the South, brought the paper back into practical sympathy with the policy pursued by the Republican leaders in Congress. At all events it supported the reconstruction acts and their execution, though it demurred to the impeachment of Johnson, and consistently advocated the removal of political disabilites and the cultivation of fraternal relations between the estranged sections of the country. It was at the time of an eager demand for news during the war that the Sunday edition of the paper was first issued, to which a distinctively literary character was afterward given. In December, 1865, the paper was increased in size by the addition of a column to each page, making it at that time the largest daily newspaper in the United States.

One of the most interesting episodes in the history of the New York *Times*, and one that added greatly to its reputation and influence, was the crusade which it fought against the corruptions in municipal administration in New York city, and its vigorous attacks upon the Tweed Ring in the height of its power, which finally resulted in the destruction of the Ring and the rescue of the city government from the control of plunderers. It began with unsparing denunciations of the outrages upon public honor committed under Mayor Wood, and the exposure of the evidences of a corrupt league between judges of the courts and the political spoilers. These were followed by similar exposures and denunciations of the infamous proceedings of the plunderers of the Erie Railway, who were leagued with the municipal Ring dominated by William M. Tweed. It was in the midst of this contest against corruption and Ring rule that the first editor of the *Times* died, in June, 1869, but it did not relax its vigorous assaults. In 1870 the Ring had so intrenched itself in power, and had such a command over the resources of the city, that opposition seemed almost hopeless and relief unattainable. The *Times* alone among the newspapers of the city kept up an unrelenting onslaught, in spite of corrupt offers and covert threats. It pointed out the evidences of extravagance in public expenditures for which no results were to be seen, and of the growing wealth lavishly displayed by members of the Tammany Ring, and offered to prove its allegations of direct robbery of the public Treasury if access were given to the Comptroller's books. Offers came to Mr. Jones directly from the head of the corrupt conspiracy of immense sums of money if he would stop the warfare, and even of the purchase of the whole *Times* establishment at his own price, but all without effect. Threats were resorted to, founded on a pretense that the title to the ground occupied by the *Times* property was not good, to silence the accuser by an injunction from the notorious Judge Barnard, and even menaces of personal violence were pointedly conveyed. The attack continued with unabated vigor, but as no absolute proofs were given to support the charges of robbery, the people remained as if dazed and helpless. Finally one morning they were aroused as by a tremendous explosion. The *Times* appeared with broadsides of figures taken from the Comptroller's books, showing with startling clearness the enormity of the plunder to which the city had been subjected. The result was the utter rout of the conspirators, the destruction of the Ring, and the rescue of the city from its degradation.

How the figures which afforded the proof of the rascalities of the Tweed Ring were obtained has never yet been clearly told to the public. Mr. James O'Brien was then a conspicuous figure in local politics, and one of those who shared in the patronage of the city government. Among those whose appointment he had secured was a clerk in the Comptroller's office who had charge of the city and county ledgers. From him Mr. O'Brien learned of the enormous expenditures which were recorded in those books, the character and extent of which plainly suggested fraud and plunder. He induced this clerk quietly to make transcripts of these records and furnish them to him. Understanding the full purport and significance of this startling array of figures, Mr. O'Brien one day took them to Mr. Jones, of the *Times*, and asked him to look them over, and say whether he could make any use of them. After consulting with his chief editor, Mr. Jones replied that he could. They were not given up for the purpose at that time, but a few days later Mr. O'Brien put them at the disposal of the paper without reserve and without consideration. He never asked or received any reward or favor, substantial or otherwise, in return for this service. The magnates of the Ring learned that the evidence that would blow them to perdition was in the hands of the *Times* before it was published. Their efforts to suppress it were desperate, and their offers of bribery were raised to fabulous sums, but every offer and every threat was answered by the firing of the fatal train in July, 1871. The clerk who transcribed the figures from the Comptroller's books which were of such vast service to the city of New York was driven from his place with abuse and violence, meagrely rewarded afterward, and has for some years held a modest position in the New York Custom-house.

Following closely upon the prestige acquired by its heroic and successful fight against the Tweed Ring, the *Times* as a political journal gained in 1872 the undisputed leadership of the Republican press of New York in consequence of the diversion from its course of its chief rival by the "Greeley movement." This lead it maintained until 1884, when its constantly growing independence and the force of circumstances induced it to discard the position of a strictly party journal. In 1876 it was a vigorous supporter of the party ticket, and the final result of the memorable contest of that year was due largely to the firm stand which it took from the night of the election until the result was ultimately declared. It did not favor the extra-constitutional device of the Electoral Commission for determining the validity of the vote in disputed States, but consistently maintained throughout that the vote of each State was to be declared and returned by its own constituted authorities, and in accordance with its own legal regulation of the processes, and that the votes so determined were simply to be aggregated, and the result announced by the President of the Senate in joint convention of the two Houses. In 1880 it gave its hearty support to the Garfield and Arthur ticket, and in the main upheld the administration which followed its election, though always maintaining a critical attitude.

The *Times* always gave its cordial support to every effort to purify the public service and elevate the standard of administration, protesting against the use of official power and patronage as a means of sustaining party organization and promoting the designs of party leaders. It supported and encouraged the efforts of the late Thomas A. Jenckes as chairman of a special committee on the civil service in the Thirty-ninth Congress, and advocated the reform measure reported by him. Every effort at civil service reform under Presidents Grant and Hayes was heartily sustained by it, and every failure to maintain the policy was condemned. The nomination of a candidate for Governor of the State in 1882 through political interference from Washington alienated the support of the *Times* from the party in the State for the time being, and the nomination of Mr. Blaine for President in 1884, and the reform record and promise of Mr. Cleveland, led it to support the latter. Next to its support of civil service reform, its persistent advocacy of a revision of the tariff for the reduction of revenue and the modification of the protective system was for years the most conspicuous feature of its editorial utterances. This has led it in the pending campaign to the support of the Democratic party in its national canvass.

The *Times* has never ceased to maintain its reputation for enterprise and liberality in the collection of news. Among its notable achievements of recent years are the telegraphing in full from Madrid and the exclusive publication of the commercial treaty with Spain; the sending of its correspondent from London into the infected cholera districts of southern France in 1886, and the publication of graphic details of the ravages of the plague and the methods of dealing with it in hospitals; and the telegraphing from London at great expense and printing in full of Swinburne's tragedy of *Locrine* in advance of its publication in any form elsewhere. The promptness, fulness, and accuracy of its election returns have also given it a recognized supremacy on the day following any important election.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE "TIMES" BUILDING.

Short of an earthquake or a fire, there can be no cataclysm that ought to interrupt the steady life-throb of an every-day-in-the-year journal. Having decided on the erection of a new structure, the proprietors of the New York *Times* entertained the idea that the paper should be made on the premises, indifferent to any conditions. The problem to be solved was a novel one. Below the curb were the five Walter presses, the stereotyping plant, a machine-shop, with eight engines and three boilers. Above that was the mailing-room; over that, on a level with the street, the publication office. On the fourth story were the editorial rooms, fifty-five feet above the street, and on the sixth story the composition-room, seventy-three feet above the ground-level. In these various departments some 300 people were at work. Old buildings have been enlarged, stories reared, wings added, and occupants shifted, but in this case the whole structure was to come down, a brand-new one was to be built, and neither occupants nor machinery were to be disturbed. The proprietors of the New York *Times* having always felt that the health and comfort of those they employed were worthy of the most particular attention, this was a demand the fulfilment of which they considered imperative.

To Mr. D. H. King, Jun., who had successfully carried out the erection of the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue, the matter of tearing down and building up was submitted, and the exigencies of the case fully explained. It was something requiring careful study. Nothing was to be done in a foolhardy or tentative manner. Mr. King arrived at the conclusion that it was perfectly feasible to carry on the entire business of the New York *Times* under what were abnormal conditions. The structure as it stands now shows that Aladdin does not belong to the past, but what was pure magic on his part Mr. King has accomplished to-day by the means of practical mechanical skill and his own particular genius. It has seemed almost a theatrical change, only the canvas weighs many thousands of tons in solid stone and iron. Something more may be said, and it is that during the demolition and the building up the New York *Times* has been issued every day, and from editor-in-chief to errand-boy there really has been no disturbance.

The way it was done may be thus briefly described. In February the new foundations for the lofty structure which was to be were begun. They were of the most massive and substantial character. In some cases the new work fused with the old. When finished came the true preparations for the demolition, which, anomalous as it may seem, was a building up. Stories with a hundred occupants were not to be dropped eighty feet down. From the foundation to the roof were placed a whole series of double shorings, with their transverse needlings. These took the place of the outside walls, the interior partition walls, and held every story in place. The old building having been constructed with iron girders, the shoring and needling were to take the places of the old walls. Then from below were brought in wrought-iron columns, which rested on the new foundations. These columns are stronger than those used in elevated railroads. This was a difficult task, as holes had to be cut in the floors so as to pass the columns through. When a series of these pillars was in place, then new iron girders were bolted to them, and brought in direct contact with the old floors. At one time shoring and needling with iron pillars and iron girders were together holding up all the stories within the building. Bit by bit now the old stone facing and the walls were taken away. When outside demolition was complete, then the new walls arose. The work was in a measure synchronous, masons and bricklayers on the various fronts keeping exact time with the iron-workers inside. As the massive walls were built, the extremities of the iron beams and girders found their natural resting-places. While the scaling process had been going on, the various stories above, with their living occupants, were boarded in, and a temporary roof covered the composition-rooms. All these arrangements were made water-proof.

Now the time had come when all the stories were held in place by iron columns, girders, and timbers. The wooden supports were there for the necessities of the hour, but the iron was there forever. Next the apparently delicate process "of knocking the props from under" began. It had all been so nicely planned, so perfect had been the adjustment, that all that there was was substitution. It was not a let down. Not a floor—and the floors were of arched brick—showed a crack or fissure; not even did a fragment of plaster fall. One by one were the various stories transferred from the wood to the iron, and the lines were always found to be geometrically true, and the bubbles of the spirit-level right to the centre. This shifting of the responsibilities could only be done in a gradual way, and therefore took time. Mr. King always found his little puzzles of the wolf, goat, and cabbage kind to be worked out with wood, iron, bricks, and stone. Editors, hod-carriers, reporters, steam-cranes, type-setters, masons, might have been at times in close proximity, but there never was interference.

When Mr. King was freed from such fetters as had cramped him, this period of duress existing when working within the limits of what was both old and new—after that line was passed, the new structure, untrammelled, took a perfect flight. More than a story a week was quite within the limits of Mr. King's constructive capabilities. Begun in February thirty feet below the level of the street, on the 10th of July the door pieces of the new building were started. On the 14th of September the first beams were in position on the line of the adjacent building. On the 1st of October all the stone-work was set excepting the dormer on the Nassau Street side, and the gap was left there so as to allow of the lowering of the steam-crane. Before April, 1889, the New York *Times* building will be handed over to its proprietors by Mr. King, and the edifice finished inside and out to its minutest detail.

Many troublesome matters having to do with the tearing down and building up of a large building situated in the most crowded part of New York should be noticed. A million of people have passed under the scaffolds around the New York *Times* building, and have been less disturbed than when a load of coal is dumped on a sidewalk. There never has been a block of vehicles in streets encumbered by cars, and yet all the materials for the buildings were brought to it. One peculiarity in the handling of the iron and stone was that it always was in transit. No sooner was the van in position than up went its load skyward, when the iron-workers or the masons took pillars, girders, granite, and put them in their exact permanent places. As a problem of construction, with many novel factors requiring nothing short of a heroic treatment, the New York *Times* edifice is the crowning success of Mr. King's building achievements.

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY.

BY G. T. F.

I.

THE FLOWERING OF A GUTTER PLANT.

Hon. Thomas Gowen is a stalwart Democratic politician, well known in Tammany circles. The prosperous corner groggery whence he draws a fat income and became logically evolved into an alderman is a noted nursery of statesmen. He might have been a "boodler," but fate did not so ordain. Report says, however, that he is often eloquent to the thirsty crowds who drink wisdom from his lips and refreshment from his barrels over the ingratitude which would deck the philanthropists most prone to assist at the birth of works of public utility with the convict's stripes. The assiduity with which he "saves the country," damns souls, and puts money in his purse makes him a man of mark among his fellows. Mr. Gowen was recently elected to the Legislature, and speaks of his enlarged field of usefulness with modest pride—as if a lily should try to hide its beauty, or refined gold its glitter. Born and bred in the gutters of what was once called Five Points, his career is a good example of the opportunities offered by the great republic to talent and industry.

But no! Memory is playing me a trick. This is what Tommy Gowen might have become had he not met with a glorious accident in Virginia, on a certain blood-stained battle-field, in 1862. Our gutter plant was not fated to grow a rank weed in the muck heap of city politics. He was among those whom the gods love. He died young, but not before he had flowered into one splendid deed of daring and sacrifice. Old Shirley sings, in one of the noblest of English poems:

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

This blossom, though it bloomed from the gutter, shall smell as sweet to those who know it as any flower of the world's chivalry and grace.

Tommy Gowen, like that other typical growth of the slums, Victor Hugo's gamin, Gavroche, slipped without transition from the baby into the skin of the vicious child-man. When he enlisted in the drum corps of a New York regiment in 1861 he was a past-master in all forms of wickedness and vice possible to his years. As one of his officers afterward described him, "he was a very spawn of the devil, with a forty horse-power of smut and curses that scandalized the rudest of the men." The regiment was mostly composed of men of Irish birth or descent, and they made a pet of this youngest of their number (he was only thirteen) in spite of his skill in all the arts of the accomplished hoodlum. Such matters, indeed, never seem in camp quite as they do in the stern eye of the police justice. And of one thing all were cocksure—Tommy never lied, nor flinched from the utmost penalty of misdeed. However much in the guard-house, he was always set loose for guard-mount and parade. The young rascal blew a fire and sweetness into his pipe which edged the piercing music with a keener thrill.

August, 1862, went out in a cloud of gloom for the bluecoats. The Union cause never looked blacker. Lee and Jackson were at the gates of the capital. Pope's two successive defeats had left the army disheartened, and they were sullenly waiting for the third hammer-stroke which was to shatter them at Chantilly on September 1st. The day was close and murky, the air an invisible wet sponge, the roads a morass well kneaded into paste by wheel and hoof. A shallow gorge separated the division, where the —— New York Volunteers were brigaded with some Pennsylvania regiments, from a low wooded crest held by the enemy. The men were fagged and listless from want of rest; soul and body they were weary, for the sky had been as inclement as the fate of battle. The ceaseless roll of musketry further afield bespoke hot work, but they had not yet been called to action. In those days the musicians were not always sent to the rear when the fighting began; so the fifers and drummers made merry, and pranked about among the men as the latter lay on their arms, as if to cheer their drooping spirits.

The batteries opposite had been spitting intermittently, as if to get the range. The roar of the fusillade suddenly swept nearer and nearer, and the Confederate guns opened with a withering storm of shot and shell. A staff-officer dashed swiftly by, and ten minutes later the regiments were forming on the colors.

The bloody iteration of charging over open ground on a strong position need not now be described for the thousandth time. Twice the brigade of which the —— New York was a part had been whirled back, cut into rags. Officers dashed about like madmen, cursing, entreating, beating the fugitives with sword-blades to re-form them for the charge. Twice had the color-bearer gone down with his sacred burden, and the third man who uplifted the fatal silk was now the centre of rally. The fire from the wooded crest grew more deadly every second. The moment was critical. Would the men attack? A round-shot struck the color-sergeant, and the tattered flag was for the third time in the mud. An indescribable movement of terror fluttered through the long ranks. Another second and they would have melted in flight.

But the stars were aloft again, and under them staggered a scapegrace fifer, his face all ashine. Fronting his comrades, he backed toward the enemy full twenty paces, waving the colors above his head. No one thought more of the rain of lead and iron. Not Tommy Gowen, who was "possessed" of that splendid god or devil which can swell the pigmy into the Titan; not the men who stared in half-fearful wonder at the gamy figure.

Words rang from his lips more shrilly than his fife had ever screamed, and the tune of them was more stirring than the notes which had so often made their feet and blood dance to a quicker lilt.

"For shame, byes! would yez desart the ould flag? For shame! would yez desart—"

. . . . Tommy Gowen lay on the earth a crumpled mass, half hidden in the silken folds which kissed his dying face.

A roar like that of a regiment of tigers broke from the half-crazed Irishmen as they rushed to the attack. The contagion caught the brigade, then the whole division; and the din of their cheering silenced the other noises of battle as they pressed on at double-quick to close up the storming line. In five minutes the crest was won—one of the few brilliant episodes which helped to redeem that day of disaster.

The fife-boy did not live to be an alderman, a burglar, or the potentate of a whiskey dive. But a beautiful thing had happened—the gutter plant had flowered.

II.—THE MIDNIGHT SEARCH.

"Major Jack is missing," was the sad refrain which passed among the enlisted men of the regiment. The hard and powder-stained faces grew pinched with sorrow—grief that swelled up to the level of shoulder-strap and gold braid. Dearly beloved was our splendid major, who was generally spoken of by his first name, and camp backbiting and petty jealousy could not live in the light of his frank smile.

The day before, Warren's Fifth Corps had cut the Weldon Railroad four miles from Petersburg. There had been cold spade-work the first day, and hot fighting the second. It was worth a fierce struggle to loosen that bull-dog clutch from so important an artery of life to Petersburg and Richmond. Hill's corps struck us about noon without a note of warning except the wild scurry of the pickets. The advance line was routed by an onset that swept on like a spring freshet. The fugitives were received by the support behind their breastworks, and these in turn fell before the desperate men in gray. For a few moments the situation was awkward, but the lines were re-formed under cover of a heavy artillery fire, and the tide of battle again rolled to the front. After a few hours the Confederates were pressed back till they only held the first line of rifle-pits which they had taken.

Amidst the madness of battle no man had thought of another, and it was only when night fell that we knew that Major Jack was missing. Right well had our gallant fellows earned the supper and pipe which with the sweet rest under the stars often make a battle-field bivouac as grateful as a palace with its purple and fine linen. But a drop of gall embittered the cup and spoiled the brief nepenthe. Had the major been killed or captured? Perhaps even now he might lie helpless, sorely wounded, despairing of succor, and but a short distance away. Every heart bounded when it was known that a search party beyond the pickets would go out at midnight. Most of the wounded had been brought in and sent back to the hospital tents. Even the scant chance was worth taking, though it grazed the peril of death or capture. Had it been other than Major Jack, consent from brigade head-quarters, so reluctantly given, would have turned the other side of curt refusal.

Six files, with two non-commissioned officers and a lieutenant, were detailed. Only side-arms were to be carried, and each man was equipped with a small dark-lantern. The moon was nearly at its full, but it was only at intervals that its beams pierced the heavy rolling clouds blackening the sky. With the set of the midnight watch the little party stole out of camp from the midst of their sleeping comrades, and passed the pickets, who were bidden watch closely for our return in the shining of the bull's-eyes among the trees.

The enemy lay sleeping on his arms less than a quarter of a mile away. What hidden surprises, what silent ambuscades, crouched in our front, no heart could surmise. The ground was mostly thick-woods, with here and there dense clumps of underbrush. It was in this belt of timber that some of the bloodiest fighting of the afternoon had raged. Now, instead of that pandemonium, the indescribable hell of noise and fury, which the business of battle means, all was peace and silence except for the night sounds of nature. The melancholy call of the whippoorwill, the occasional croak of the frog, the cry of the tree-toad, or the distant hoot of an owl was borne on the night. The mystery of the forest, with the dead men lying there in the dark, made us shiver with an awe more oppressive than fear of shot or stab.

Spreading out in open order, we crept stealthily on, every step shod with caution, and our lanterns opened to light the ground. The fruit of the battle harvest soon lay thick before us. Amidst the pillars upbearing their roof of bosky darkness white faces stared from the matted turf which many generations had woven close and soft. Blue and gray, they slept together like brethren in the sacred reconciliation of death. Some still gripping their muskets; some naked-handed, as if in the supreme moment they had flung away all emblems of hate; some stark and straight, ruled even in death by soldier discipline; some stretched on the grass with the easy grace of children tired of play; some gazing upward, wide-eyed; some half turned, with profiles silhouetted on the night, as if to drop a parting kiss to the earth they should tread no more—but on every face marble calm, broken alone by the unspeakable message which the dead man tells to the living, though his lips are dumb. We hardly breathed as we peered into those pallid masks, rude and battle-hardened as we were.

Invisible fingers seemed to clutch each man by the throat, until it became more like a nightmare than a waking experience. This fancy, I remember, became almost terrible when it was necessary to touch the dead in disentangling a heap of bodies, for the grisly search could not be slighted. As time passed, a wind arose, swelling slowly into greater volume as it stirred the leaves into inarticulate murmurs, making the woodland morgue a whispering gallery. Our superstitious fancies grew till they became almost unbearable, and our lanterns showed the faces of the living to be almost as wan as those of the dead over which we bent. Not one of us but would have felt a thrill of relief at the hiss of lead to break the spell laid by the place and the hour. But we never flinched from the duties of our quest. Three hours of this tense strain on mind and body passed and still we had not found Major Jack, closely as we scanned the ground where our regiment had done its hardest fighting. The search had failed.

The order to return was almost on the lips.

"Lieutenant," whispered the sergeant, who had reconnoitred a few rods ahead with his lantern and returned, "there's a terrible heap of bodies out yon in the open glade. Hadn't we better look there too?"

We had hitherto been in the shadow of thick forest. The opening in the woods shone as light as day, for the moon had sailed out of the clouds into an undimmed white splendor. There was increased peril of discovery in that unshielded space, but this last chance must be seized. Our swift inventory hardly lasted longer than the telling, for every face and figure lay in the clearest relief, and the brilliant eye that looked down did the searching for us, coldly impartial to blue and gray. We turned, heavy of heart, yet glad that our uncanny work was done, when the sergeant's agitated whisper again startled us:

"Look! look yonder through those tree trunks! There's either a woman or a ghost watching us."

We were held by the spell of a vision that no one of us would ever forget. Beyond the rim of unbroken moonshine that glittered in such mockery over the horrors of man's handiwork two gaunt trees lifted their leafless and crooked limbs, skeleton images of death and decay. The earth and sod had shrunk from the great gnarled roots. Yet from one of these some last impulse of life had shot out a sturdy growth of green wands topped with foliage. Set like a picture in a frame amidst this miniature bower there was a face watching us, fearfully intent in its gaze, which might have been threat or entreaty. It certainly gathered into its focus all that heart could imagine of intense purpose. The eyes, large and wide, shown with a lustre beyond the measure of what ardent life and leaping blood could give, and the features, white as the moonlight itself, flickered and rippled with expression, as if mingled emotions, each too impatient to wait for the other, struggled to burst through the clay prison-house. Our fellows were all lads of proof, graduated from a score of battle-fields, but this apparition rising from the dead was a thought too much for already overwrought nerves. Retreat waited for no order, and was only stopped from becoming flight by the hoarse voice of the lieutenant crying a halt, as words fought for breath against the consternation which he shared with the rest.

"Damnation! we're surely not cowards enough to run from mere moonshine. Back, and let's see what the thing is!"

Every man jack of the party obeyed as reluctantly as he would march to his own execution, in spite of the fact that a considerable element of curiosity began to mingle with fright. Crossing the moonlit sward as well as we could thread our way among the dead, we saw the spectacle close at hand which had appalled us a moment before. A Confederate soldier had been shot through the heart, and instead of falling had been caught in the stout brush which partly filled the space between the two trees. Here the body was held in a nearly erect posture, though concealed in that deceptive light by the shrubs. Bush-fighting, which made up so much of the late war, often left its victims in many strange positions—sitting, upright, bent double, as well as prone on the back or face.

In this case the face alone was visible, and over it passed the shadows of leaves fluttering in the wan glimmer with the breath of the wind that swept through them. The illusion was indescribably life-like and terrible, so much so that the effect hardly vanished with knowledge of the cause. Yet how quickly awe made way for a touch of deep pathos! We had not yet plucked the heart out of the mystery. Iron faces which had grown rigid with the passions of battle and the rude contentions of the camp melted, as several spoke with one breath—"God! 'tis a woman."

Yes, it was a woman. Neither face nor figure could deny this. There were some remains of beauty in the countenance, which was not that of a very young woman, nor of one who had known much happiness. Spiritual stress had seamed the features with line and wrinkle, not less than fatigue and hardship of the body. Even the close-cropped hair and the fixed stare of the dark eyes, however, could not altogether destroy the touch of loveliness which death had breathed on her. One of the men who lifted the body from its covert felt underneath the worn and threadbare gray something hard near where the bullet had torn its passage. This was a packet done in oil-skin. The shape proved that it contained letters, probably, too, a photograph. Red spots stained its edge. This was put back reverently again unopened. We could not carry our missing major back to camp, for he, we afterward learned, was a prisoner with the enemy. But we had a charge no less sacred; and a sick wife or sweetheart could not have been borne more tenderly than we lifted the dead woman on that moonlit field of the slain.

Reveille had hardly sounded next morning before the story had been buzzed far and wide through the camp. Fancy was busy about the tragedy that lay under the mystery of this woman's life, and what had driven her to an end so unfeminine and wretched. That the heart had been broken before the bullet pierced it, perhaps with a welcome release, all readily surmised. But no finger was rude enough to break the seal of that packet resting on her heart, which might have solved the secret.

Not an hour was safe from a fresh assault, though we knew not whether it would be delivered from our side or the enemy's. Therefore such offices as could be paid to the dead were not delayed. A grave was dug, and the nameless woman buried with the honors of war, three volleys fired over that last resting-place of her mortal shell. On a head-board was rudely cut this *hic jacet*:

AN UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE SOLDIER,

A WOMAN IN DISGUISE.

She died a Soldier's Death, and was buried with Soldiers' Honors August 19, 1864.

Before noon two of her bearers on that memorable night and many who had stood around her grave in the morning had joined her and the innumerable throng of shades on the Asphodel meadows.

A BURRO PARTY ON PIKE'S PEAK TRAIL.

It is hard to tell what the burro was originally intended for. To judge by some of his characteristics, it might reasonably be supposed that he was designed for a prehistoric mammoth, and that the plan had been abandoned after his head and ears were made. Certainly the head and ears are so grotesquely out of keeping with the rest of the body that they suggest a prodigal waste of raw material. If a person could be found who would explain the eccentricities of the burro's appearance, there might be some hope of learning the specific use that the little animal was expected to be in the world. He is too small for modern farm-work, too slow for the wagon, and too light for the saddle. In the far West and Southwest, where his placid and leisurely nature finds a ready sympathizer in the lazy Mexican peon, he is used almost exclusively as a pack animal. Even in this employment, for which he seems to be especially well fitted, he is inferior to a sturdy Southern mule.

There is one service, however, that the burro performs better than any other animal. That is in carrying young children around on his back. For this purpose he is the safest, best-tempered, and most reliable creature in the world. He never stumbles, never throws his rider, and never runs away. His thick skin will stand any amount of cudgelling, and his sluggish spirit will rarely allow his young rider to whip him into more than a gentle trot.

Eastern people get a glimpse of the burro and his best work when they go to Manitou, Colorado, to drink the mineral water and to climb Pike's Peak. Here the children are made up in parties and sent out for a day's ride in charge of trustworthy servants or guides. The party represented in the illustration is climbing up the Pike's Peak trail. The guide is looking back across the range for signs of bad weather. It is already late in the season, as may be seen from the banks of snow on Pike's Peak, and a snow-squall is likely to swirl about the crests of the mountains at any moment. In midsummer, when Manitou is crowded with visitors, snow-squalls do not occur. Should the flurry that this guide is looking for come up, however, it would do no more harm to the children than to shut out the sun for a short time.

I fancy that the artist has had a pleasant experience with burros, else he would not let that little burro wander off alone with all those sandwiches, cuts of cold chicken, and bottles of mineral water tied to the pack-saddle, without at least a rope around its neck. It is a young burro, and although its head and ears give it a look of great sedateness, yet it may be meditating a foolish, youthful scramble down the face of the precipice in search of mountain grass. Still, the little thing may be merely asleep, with no thought of annoyance to any one. The animal ridden by the guide is a Spanish mule, which is a much handsomer beast than its cousin, the Southern mule, or its second cousin, the burro, but which has a painful propensity to exercise its legs by kicking. Only a guide, who does strange things in order to be thought original, when he is really contrary, would make a practice of riding such a creature.

I can imagine no pleasanter excursion for young children than this burro ride on the Pike's Peak trail. In the distance is gigantic Pike's Peak, whose snow-crowned crest was a white beacon to the gold-seekers who toiled across the great plains in 1859, only to find hunger and disappointment and despair instead of gold. Far below the rocks in the foreground of the picture lies Manitou, a cluster of big hotels and small cottages wedged into a narrow mountain cañon. The little girl gazing over the edge of the precipice is doubtless trying to see her mother on the piazza of the hotel. The dark mass below the peak shows the forest growth at the head of the cañon, while on the extreme left is a ridge of rock reaching toward the sky. Over all is the fervent Colorado sun, which shines during at least 300 days in the year. A summer of pure mountain air, bright sunshine, and the gentle jolting of daily burro rides will give the children health enough to endure the hot rooms and injudicious diet of their city homes in winter. The drolleries of the burro will keep the children talking for months after the patient drudge has forgotten them in his anxiety to pick his scanty winter living out of stone heaps and stretches of frozen ground.

William Willard Howard.

CONSIDERABLY "MIXED."

"You newspaper correspondents make queer mistakes sometimes," said a young British officer to me as we sat in front of the cantonment at a little border outpost among the mountains of southern Afghanistan. "You remember that man who was out here the other day, during this last war, hearing somebody talk of the wounded men being picked up by a *doolie*" (ambulance litter), "and he took it for some kind of wild beast, and began his next letter with a thrilling account of 'the ferocious doolie swooping down upon the battle-field and carrying off the wounded?'"

"Well, I did nearly as bad myself last month," rejoined I, "in a letter to the New York *Times*, describing my visit to the ruins of Ambher, near Jeypoor, in western India. I had meant to put 'I had previously written to the British Resident for an elephant, and on reaching the city gate found the great brute all ready.' But by some mischance I omitted the words 'for an elephant,' and the sentence ran thus, 'I had previously written to the British Resident, and on reaching the city gate found the *great brute* all ready.'"

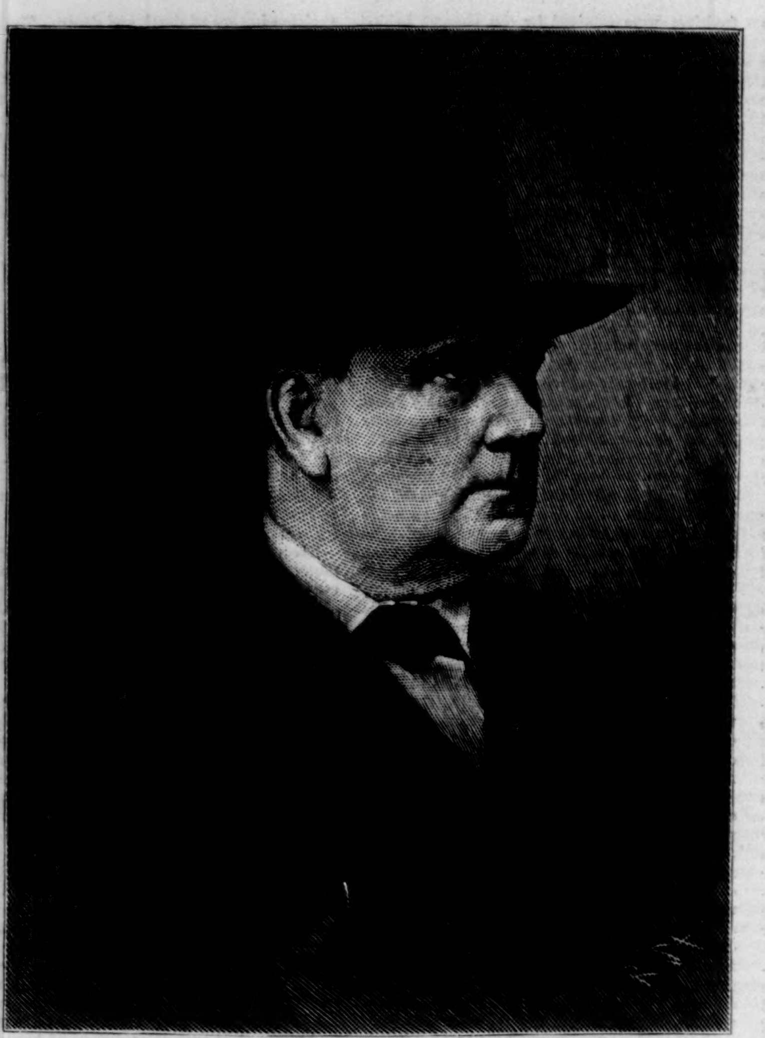
"Not so bad, though," laughed my companion, "as the way the English papers mixed up the capers of a stray dog with the presentation of a testimonial to our head-master just before I left school: 'Dr. G—— returned thanks for the testimonial, and then proceeded to play a series of pranks which only such a mischievous dog could have imagined. He ran furiously down the main street, barking and snapping at every one whom he met, till some frolicsome boys got hold of him and tied a tin pan to his tail, with which ceremony the presentation ended.'"

"Well, I can beat even *that*," said I. "What do you say to this as the result of mixing an account of cutting up a pig by machinery with the presenting of a gold-headed cane to an English professor? 'His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a handsome gold-headed butcher, who seized him by the tail, cut his throat dexterously, and plunged his carcass into the boiling water. He then observed that on such an occasion his feelings overcame him, and he could but faintly express his gratitude, the way in which so huge a beast was cut to pieces being truly admirable. As the doctor ended, the machine seized him, and in a trice he was chopped up and worked into delicious sausages. His friends will long remember this gratifying event. The best bits may still be had for tenpence per pound, and all who have profited by his lectures must rejoice that he has been so handsomely treated.' "

David Ker.

THE LATE JOHN WENTWORTH.

Through the death of John Wentworth, popularly known as "Long" John, Chicago loses far more than in a physical sense one of her most conspicuous citizens. For more than half a century few figures in that city have been better known than his, and his gigantic form, as well as his strong personality, has made its impress upon the residents of that city. Mr. Wentworth belonged to an old and famous New England family. His grandfather, Amos Coggswell, was a colonel under General Washington's command, and his paternal grandfather, John Wentworth, was one of the signers of the Articles of Confederation. Mr. Wentworth was born in the town of Sandwich, Strafford County, New Hampshire, March 5, 1815, and in 1827 he went to reside at Gilmantown, New Hampshire, and received instructions in Foster's Academy. He subsequently taught school in New Hampton, and in 1832 he entered Dartmouth College, where he at that early age manifested the political predilections which became prominently conspicuous in his later years. Upon graduating he chose the far West as his field for future operations, and selected Chicago as his point of residence. For this then mushroom town he started with less than one hundred dollars in his pocket, and was obliged, owing to the logic of events, to complete his journey from Michigan City, Indiana, afoot, arriving in Chicago October 25, 1836. His preferences had been for the law, and he at once entered upon its study, and shortly afterward turned his attention to journalism, becoming an editor of the *Democrat* of that city. This gave him a conspicuous position in municipal affairs, and adding thrift to enterprise, he became within three years the owner of a Chicago newspaper. This paved the way to his public prominence, and in 1843 he was elected to Congress, where he remained for four successive terms.

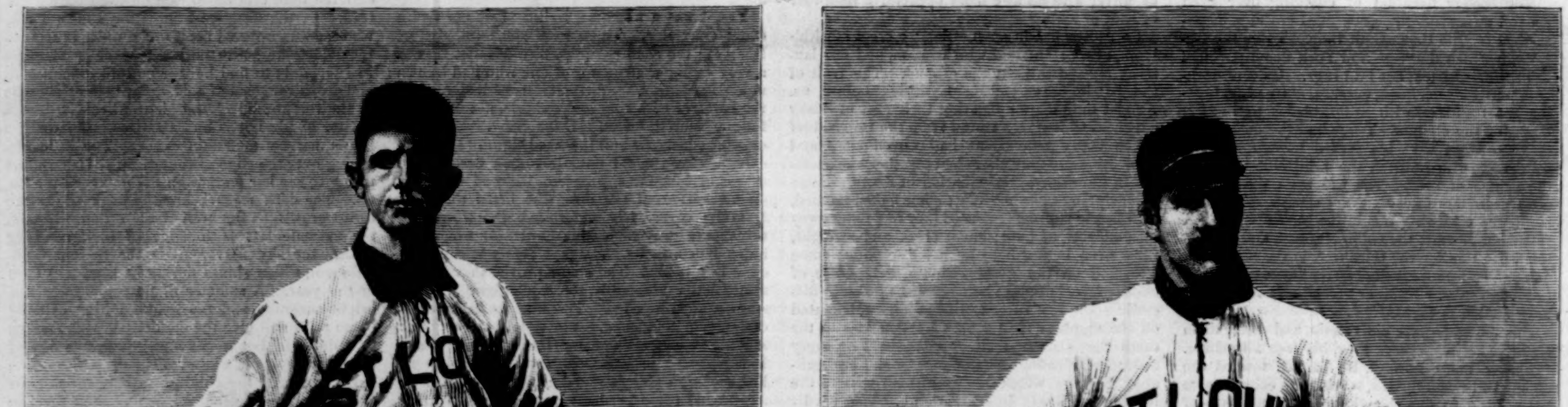


THE LATE JOHN WENTWORTH, OF CHICAGO.—From a Photograph by Melander.

Upon the termination of his Congressional career Mr Wentworth was elected Mayor of Chicago, an office which he filled for two terms, during which time his strong individuality was made conspicuous, and his warfare upon the disreputable elements of that city resulted in victory for good government as well as for the municipal reforms which he had inaugurated. It was perhaps during his two terms as Mayor that Mr. Wentworth's personality became most widely known, and his homely brusqueness and his quaint abruptness of manner established him in the esteem of the citizens of his adopted city. He became in 1861 a member of the Convention to revise the Constitution of the State of Illinois, and the same year was also a member of the Board of Education of Chicago.

In 1863 he was a Police Commissioner, and during his term in this office was of almost invaluable service during that desperate attempt of the Confederates to raid Camp Douglas and liberate the prisoners there. After the war Mr. Wentworth devoted his attention to his landed estate, which had developed to a great degree, and which comprised not only valuable city property, but suburban farms which have since been brought into close contact with the city, and have increased his wealth to an astonishing degree. One of his hobbies was the breeding of blooded cattle at his farm at Summit, Illinois, a few miles southwest of Chicago, on the Illinois River, and where also his attentions as a husbandman were directed to the cultivation of fine crops. These pursuits attracted his attention in the later years of his life, and afforded him much comfort.

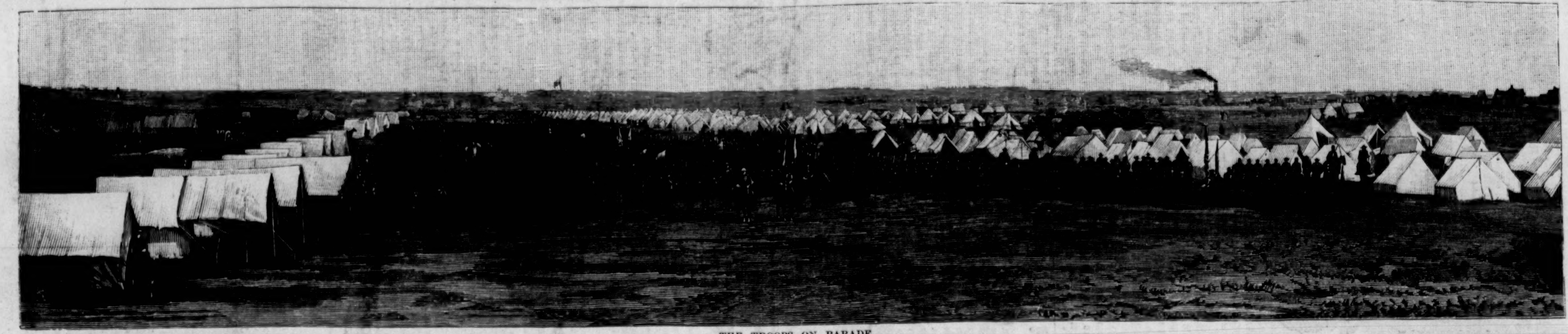
Dartmouth College in 1867 conferred upon him the degree of LL.B., and in 1873 he was elected President of the Alumni of the New Hampton Academical Institution. In 1882 and 1883 he was President of the Alumni Association of Dartmouth College. To that institution he contributed liberally during his lifetime, and it was generally understood by its officers and other friends that he would leave the college a handsome bequest upon his death. Mr. Wentworth died a very wealthy man, his fortune being estimated at upward of two millions. While he has never been conspicuous in the public charities of Chicago, it is nevertheless believed that during the later years of his life he has been arranging some bequest which shall perpetuate his name in the city of his adoption.



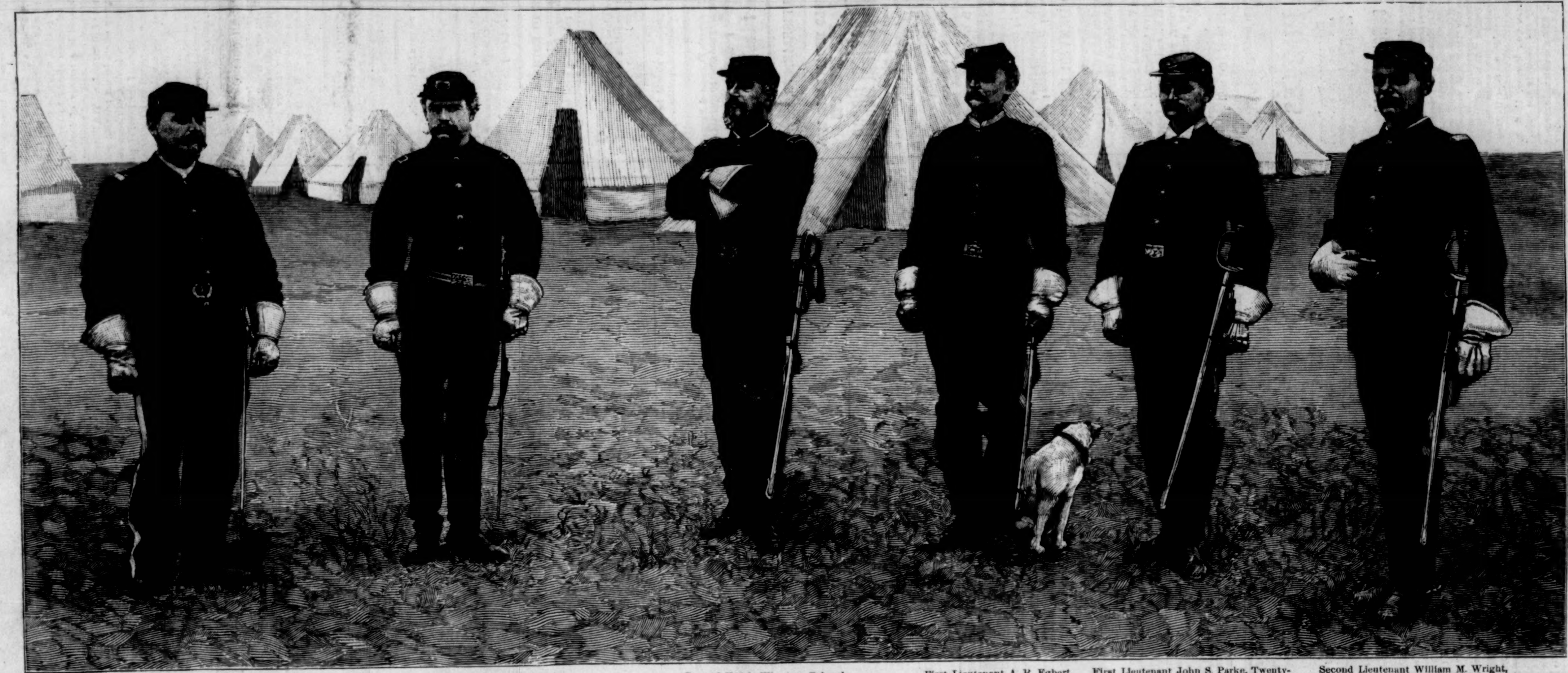
CHARLES COMISKEY, CAPTAIN AND FIRST BASE.

W. A. LATHAM, THIRD BASE.

TWO POPULAR PLAYERS OF THE ST. LOUIS BASE-BALL TEAM.—From Photographs by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 822.]



THE TROOPS ON PARADE.



First Lieutenant James M. Burns, Seventeenth Infantry, Aide-de-Camp. Major J. Morris Brown, Chief Medical Officer. General Frank Wheaton, Colonel Second Infantry. First Lieutenant A. R. Egbert, R.Q.M., Second Infantry. First Lieutenant John S. Parke, Twenty-first Infantry, Aide-de-Camp. Second Lieutenant William M. Wright, Second Infantry, Signal Officer.

GENERAL WHEATON AND STAFF.

THE GREAT MILITARY ENCAMPMENT AT CAMP BROOKE, KEARNEY, NEBRASKA.—From Photographs by J. A. Finch.—[See Page 815.]

MOONRISE.

THE moon is over the hill-top,
As round as a wedding-ring.
On the tip of the crag an instant
It seems to poise and swing.

See how the willows glisten!
What makes the night so fair
But the golden-fingered moon, love,
The Midas of the air?

And the moon is to the night, sweet,
What love is when 'tis told—
A beam from the white of heaven,
A touch of a wand of gold.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE BALL-PLAYERS.

THE last issue of the WEEKLY contained a review of the championship base-ball season of 1888, illustrated by portraits of EWING, the crack catcher and captain of the New York Club, this year's winners of the League pennant, and of KEEFE, of the same club, who stands at the head of the League pitchers for the season, having the smallest percentage of runs earned from his delivery by opponents. In the present number will be found portraits of COMISKEY, the captain and first base-man, and of LATHAM, the third base-man and voluble "coach," of the St. Louis Club, which has now for the fourth consecutive year won the pennant of the American Association.

Of COMISKEY it may be emphatically said that he is unsurpassed by any base-ball player in the country as a field captain. His direction of the game at every point is constant and masterly, and his avoidance of attracting the special notice of spectators to himself increases his efficiency for his work. LATHAM has a different *rôle* to play in the team. He is the renowned "coach" whose wit and antics on the ball field, sometimes very clownish, keep the crowd in good-humor. His cries, alike to his own nine and to his opponents, given in a clear ringing voice, and with inexhaustible oddity of expression, are well known to votaries of the sport. If one of his own nine is at the bat, and by not striking gets the advantage of a called ball, "Oh, what an eye he's got!" shouts LATHAM, admiringly. His cheery "Whoa!" warns the runner of bases on his side to pause and not try for a base too many. To an unfortunate opposing catcher who receives the ball on his mask he offers the mocking consolation, "Good stop, old man! splendid stop!" Sometimes his remarks are critically impartial, such as, "We're all a little nervous here; I know I am." The constant guyings of the crowd he takes, and perhaps answers, in good-humor, showing his wonderful alertness to whatever is going on in the field or on the seats. There is perhaps no better evidence of the character the national game is assuming than the fact that the peculiarities, the gifts, and the drawbacks of the individual professional players are becoming as widely known as those, for example, of cricketers in England.

We noted last week the conditions of the series of games agreed upon to decide the "world's championship" between the New York and St. Louis, winners of the pennants in their respective associations. At the moment we write, four of these games have been played, and the fifth is going on. The first and third on the Polo Grounds were won by New York—2 to 1 and 4 to 2—with KEEFE and EWING as the battery against KING and BOYLE; the second by the St. Louis at the Polo Grounds—3 to 0—with CHAMBERLAIN and MILLIGAN against WELCH and EWING; the fourth at Brooklyn by New York—6 to 3—with CRANE and BROWN against CHAMBERLAIN and MILLIGAN. It was expected that a majority of the games in New York and Brooklyn would be won by the home club, but those here spoken of were splendidly contested alike by winners and losers. Barring a little nervousness, due to the unusual character of the contests, the playing on both sides was superb. The fielding was in most cases extraordinarily good, and in many it was brilliant. The pitching in the four games spoken of was also remarkably fine, although perhaps some of its effectiveness against batters so expert was due to its being less familiar to them than that of the pitchers of their respective associations. The batting could not fairly be called weak, although the scores might so indicate, since the fine fielding put a stop to what would ordinarily be safe hits. The home series for New York was fortunate in enjoying fine weather for open-air sports, with the exception of the Brooklyn day, which was rather rainy. Great throngs witnessed the games.

The success of these matches makes it probable that the great series of the year henceforth will be the final one in October, when the respective champions of the two leading professional organizations meet to decide the question of superiority between them. The present, it must be remembered, is only the fourth of this sort of contests. The first took place in 1885, when Chicago and St. Louis played for the League and Association respectively, the series ending in a tie, and the prize of $1000 being divided. In 1886 they again contested the laurels for their respective associations, and St. Louis won the series by four games against two, and therewith the gate-money paid by spectators for all the games. In 1887 the Detroits having won the League pennant, rejoiced their fellow-members of the League by recovering the world's championship from St. Louis in a series of fourteen games, of which they won ten, leaving St. Louis but four. It will be seen, therefore, that the series now going on derives an unusual interest from the fact that the Association has won the world's championship once, and the League once, while once the honors have been drawn.

A DOUBLE HELP FOR THE BILIOUS.

IN addition to that chief remedial measure—the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—persons suffering from an acute bilious attack will facilitate recovery by the use at first of milk and lime water and thin gruels, and by a very gradual return to the use of solid foods. Fatty substances should be excluded from the diet. Blue-pill is a remedy of doubtful safety, particularly if there be nausea and vomiting, frequent concomitants of liver trouble. The Bitters, provided its reformatory action be not retarded and marred by gross indiscretions in diet, will soon restore the equilibrium and action of the liver, stomach, and bowels, all three disordered by biliousness. In all forms of malarial disease, which in every one of its phases presents indications of liver trouble, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the foremost of specifics. The light of over thirty years' experience also shows it to be a fine remedy for rheumatism, kidney troubles, dyspepsia, nervousness, and debility.—[*Adv.*]

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A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.—[*Adv.*]

No well-regulated household should be without ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

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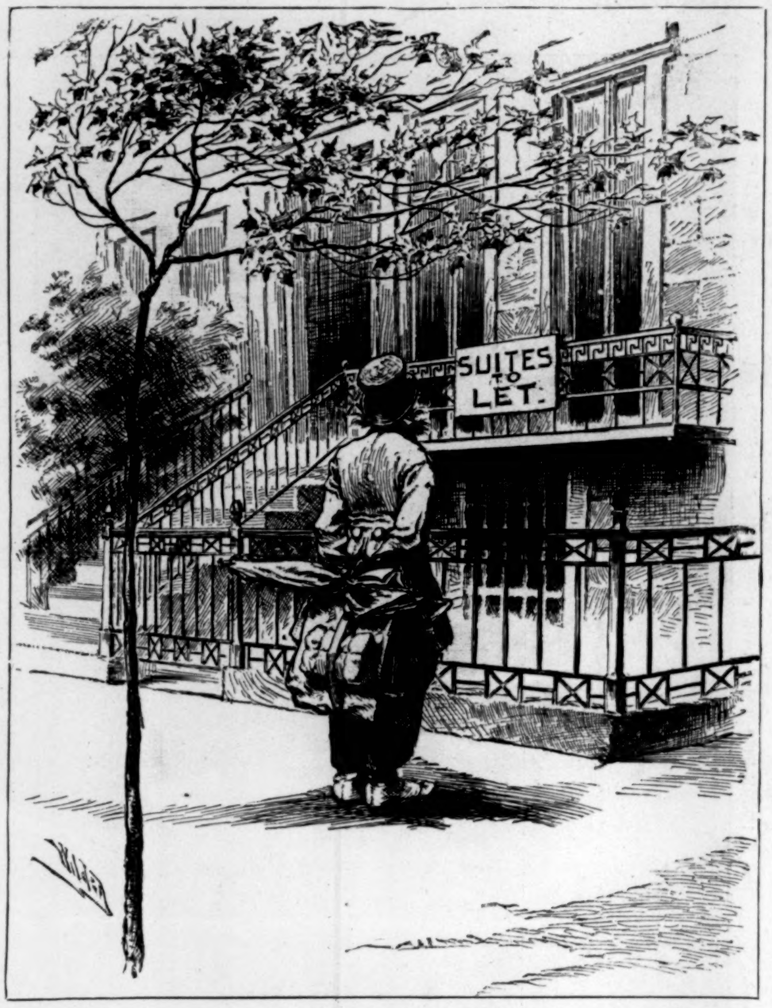
THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]



SUITES TO LET.

UNCLE HEZEKIAH. "Suits to let. Thet's just the place I ben lookin' fer. If they've got one o' them dude kind thet 'll fit me, I'll hev it before I go over to see Cousin Maria, 'f it costs me a hull tub of June butter, I vum!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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THE Chicago and Northwestern Railway announces that in connection with the Union Pacific Railway they have established a through line between Chicago and Denver, equipped with elegant Wagner and Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers. The Denver Express will leave Chicago daily, via the Northwestern at 1.15 P.M., and arrive in Denver early the second morning, and returning will leave Denver at 9.25 P.M., and arrive in Chicago at noon the second day.

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Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Samples worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

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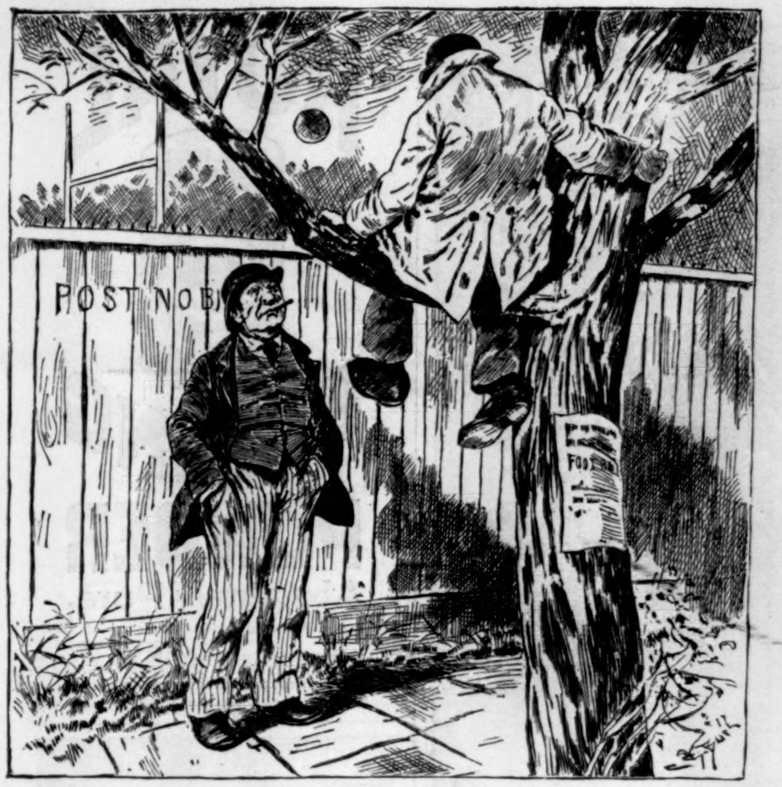

THE FALL GAME.

"What's up, Billy?"
"Fut ball."
"Well, 'fore I'd set up there in the cold watchin' a lot of fellers kick a ball up."
"Ain't watchin' 'em kick no ball up; watchin' of 'em kick each other down."

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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SAMPLE BOTTLE 5 CTS.

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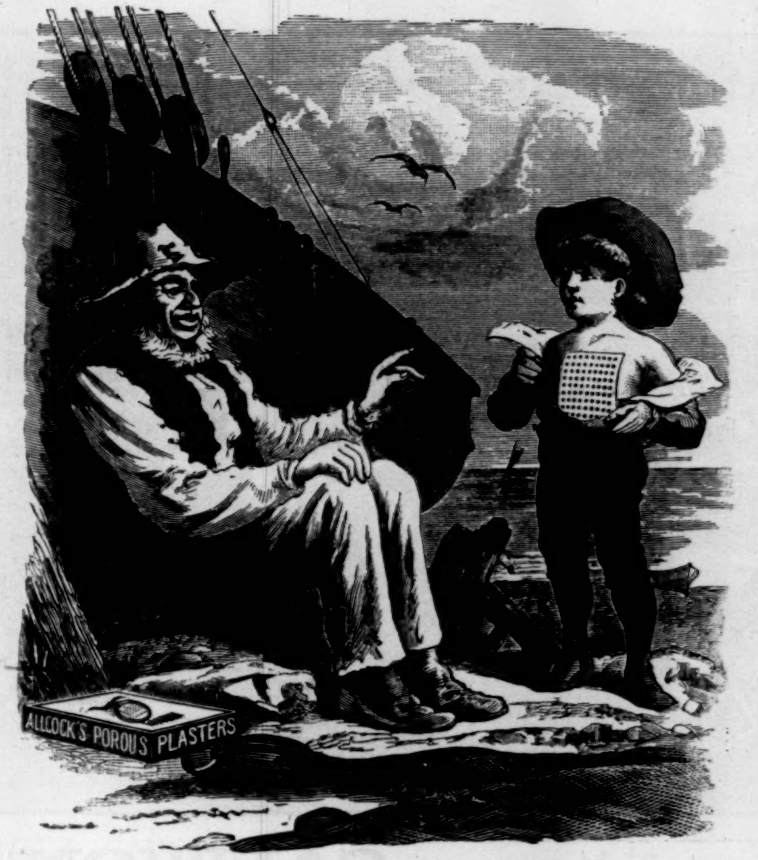

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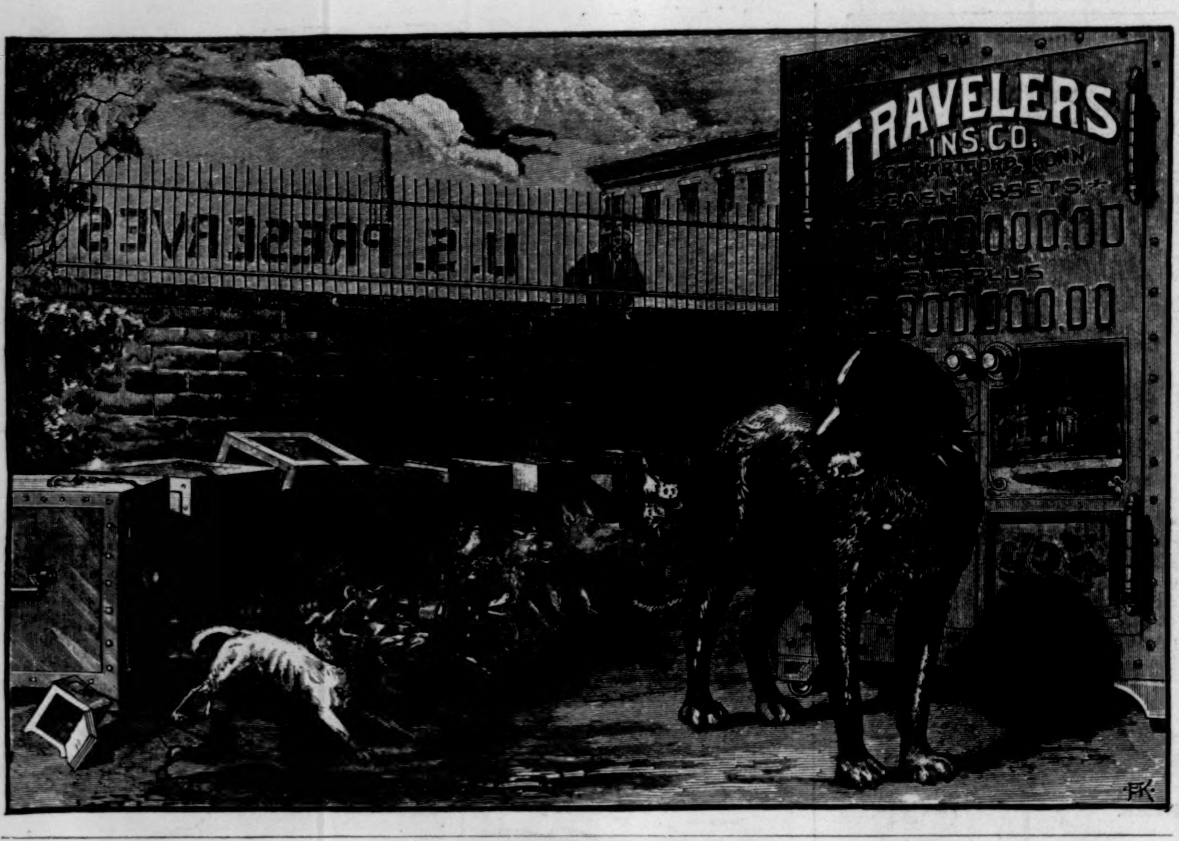

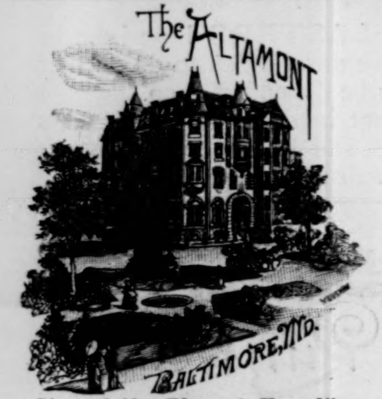

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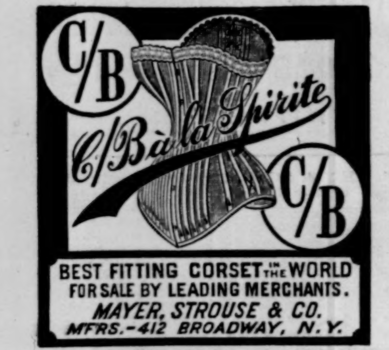

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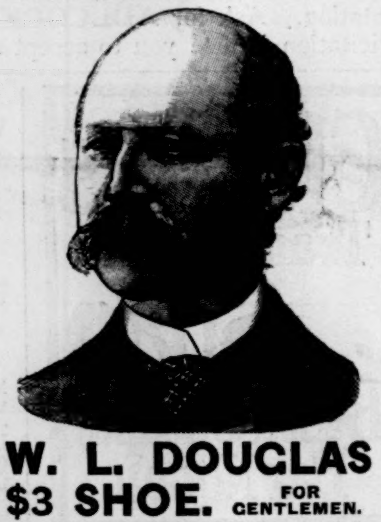

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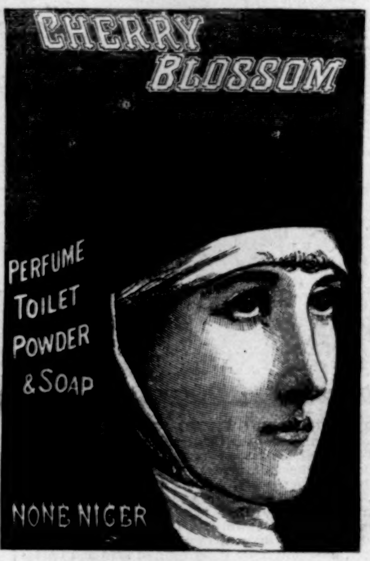

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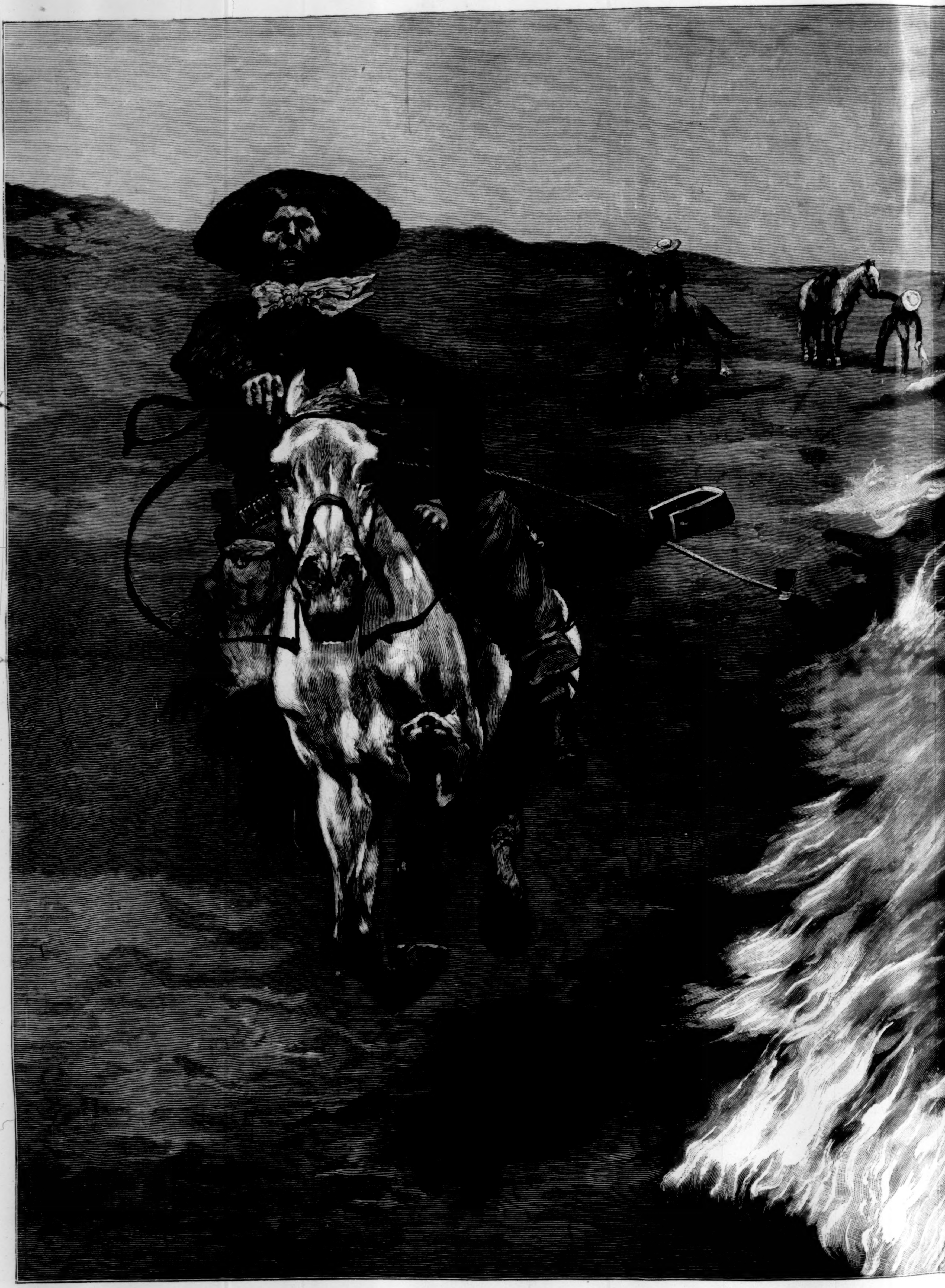

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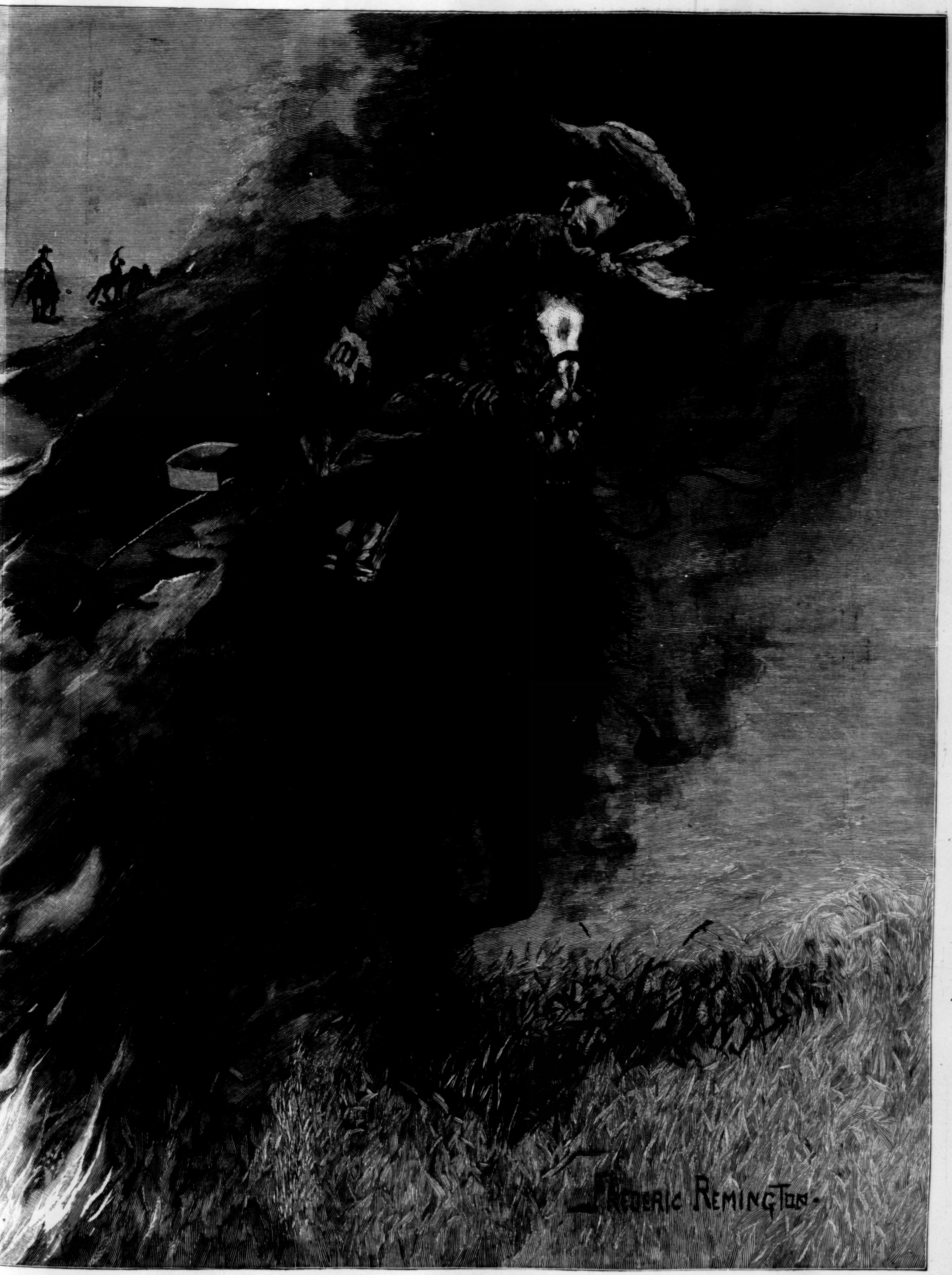
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